The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell*

No. 39. Vol. VII. DECEMBER, 1894. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* December *will be noticed in the* January *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th January, *in the* February *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Some time ago a paragraph appeared saying that there was a probability of Lord Macaulay's Journal being published in full—not by his own publishers. This was contradicted, but the contradiction was not accepted. We have authority for saying that while it is possible the Journal may ultimately be published, it will certainly not appear for a considerable period. A near relative of Lord Macaulay's is a partner in a well-known publishing firm.

We understand that Professor Knight, of St. Andrews, has undertaken to write the biography of the late Professor Nichol. In Dr. Knight's hands this should be a very interesting work, and we hope he will extend it to a fair length. Professor Nichol's career from first to last brought him in contact with various sections of literary society, and if his letters are preserved the record of his experience should be valuable.

Professor Maxime Kovalevsky, whose book on the social organisation of Russia is by far the best in English, will shortly publish the despatches of the Venetian ambassadors attached to Napoleon in his Italian campaigns, 1796-7. These letters will exhibit the almost feverish activity of the future Emperor, whom the envoys continually found hard at work in the small hours of the night.

Mr. Austin Dobson's important Goldsmith discovery will not be made public this season.

Dr. Conan Doyle has been well received in America. A correspondent writes: "I happened to be in Chicago when he lectured there at the Central Music Hall, and he had a very large audience. But either they did not appreciate his talk or they are cold and undemonstrative; he certainly was cheered at the end of the performance, but he made several good points which I thought would elicit hearty approval."

Mr. Meredith's 'Lord Ormont' has met with what is considered extraordinary success in America. About 7,000 copies of the book have been sold.

Among other markedly successful recent books in America have been Mr. Hall Caine's 'Manxman' and Mr. Stanley Weyman's 'My Lady Rotha'; in fact, it seems as if English fiction were almost entirely supplanting American. Nearly all the great American successes in the last year or two have been English books.

We understand that Mrs. Stephen Batson, whose novel 'Dark' was so favourably received two years ago, will soon have ready a volume consisting of short stories contributed to the magazines. In these stories the authoress gives life-like sketches of the peasantry of the Wessex downs.

Mr. Crockett's 'Playactress' is to be published in the course of a few days as a volume of Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Autonym" series. It contains about twice as much reading matter as 'Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills.' We believe Mr. Crockett wrote the tale for his own amusement, as a relief from the strain of writing 'The Raiders,' and with no intention of publication in book form. Mr. George Alexander saw some chapters of 'The Playactress,' and expressed a strong desire to play the part of the old Scottish minister who comes to London to explore for the sake of his little granddaughter the strange player's world of "Great Babylon."

As to the absurd charges of plagiarism anonymously made concerning 'The Raiders' in the *Academy*, a paper which has for its speciality signed and responsible criticism, it is sufficient to remind readers of The Bookman that we stated so long ago as April of this year, when 'The Raiders' was just published, that Mr. Crockett's true *quellen* were to be found in the volume of Galloway Traditions edited by Mr. James Nicholson at Kirkcudbright about 1840. We stated this at Mr. Crockett's own special request, and upon his own information. It is ridiculous, therefore, as well as malicious, in the *Academy* to make the charge that Mr. Crockett did not acknowledge his sources. Moreover, there is no more familiar book in Galloway than 'Nicholson's Traditions.' Mr. James Nicholson, the editor, is still alive, and has acted as Mr. Crockett's local antiquarian searcher in providing him with material for his stories. But the attack will deceive no one. Similar attacks were made upon Scott, upon Thomas Hardy, upon Charles Reade, and indeed, upon every successful romancer.

Mr. Charles Baxter, Mr. Stevenson's representative in this country, is sailing for Samoa in a few weeks, carrying with him the news of the success of the collected edition, which will enable Mr. Stevenson to ease his mind for a year or two with the lighter cares of selecting and arranging what he has already written, and letting new tales glimmer up and form themselves in the crystal ball of his imagination.

Mr. James Payn, our readers will be sorry to hear, is almost wholly confined to his bed and chair. He is only able to write with a pencil, and then with the utmost pain. All the more credit to him that what he does write has the

old high spirits, and is dictated by the old kind heart. His 'Gleams of Memory' is a book most delightful to literary men—a book about themselves and their art, without a single malicious or bitter word between its covers.

Mr. Lang is establishing himself for the winter at St. Andrews. The "haunted town" is dear to him yet; and it is his singular privilege that the salt showers which beat upon the streets, and the wind that drives them, mean health and vigour to him.

There was for a while talk of the migration of another great publishing house from Edinburgh to London, but some previous migrations are not believed to have been such encouraging successes as had been anticipated. So it seems likely that, for a time at least, Edinburgh will continue to be the headquarters of one or two of the old publishing firms.

Mr. C. W. Williamson has, we hear, practically concluded his arrangements for the publication of *The Hour*, which is to be something very new indeed in illustrated journalism. Mr. Williamson was formerly editor of *Black and White*.

The criticism to which 'The Lilac Sunbonnet' has been subjected in London has not interfered with its sale. On the contrary, it has sold much more rapidly than any former book by the same author.

Mr. Burn Murdoch, the author and illustrator of that delightful book of travel, 'From Edinburgh to the Antarctic,' has in hand an illustrated article upon the country of 'The Raiders' in Galloway.

From an interesting reply, which we regret not to be able to print in full, to our article by "An Editor" entitled "A Complaint against Printers," we give two or three extracts. Speaking of the wide differences of taste in the matter of title-pages at the present day, our correspondent gives an account of his dealings with Mr. Ruskin in this matter. "He would help the printer by altering the wording to make it concise, and therefore more capable of management. His readers will note that as a rule his titles are always neat, chaste, and symmetrical, never containing anything obtrusive or vulgar. He would invariably draw out in pen and ink in pretty imitation of Roman characters the copy of the page, indicating as nearly as possible the relative importance and distance from each other of the lines by the different sizes of the letters so drawn. Technical observers will note that nearly all Mr. Ruskin's titles consist of plain Roman or titling letters, interspersed with italics. The 'Præterita' title may be taken as a typical one. It was set straight away once for all, and of this he wrote: 'I think the 'Præterita' title-page is delightful!' I once called his attention to the fact that after our joint efforts the disposal of the lines of a certain title-page looked too much like the lettering on a tombstone, *i.e.*, the gradually shortened lines resembled an inverted pyramid (a result which every printer is taught to avoid). 'If it is pretty, why should it *not* look like a tombstone?' said Mr. Ruskin in reply."

With regard to "An Editor's" suggestion that printers should employ artists for this kind of work, he says, "The profits in the composing department would never admit of the extra expense, and, if it did, would authors and publishers accept these said artists' designs without demur or suggestion? Bookbinders and lithographers keep their own artists, or have them at command, but are not their efforts frequently entirely overruled? The fact that their work is designed by a capable artist carries no sense of awe or responsibility to accept it on the part of the client. One of our greatest living artists was, I have been informed, engaged by an eminent firm of bookbinders, but the connection was dissolved because the clients complained of a want of variety."

Our correspondent has also a good deal of interest to tell with respect to the help which authors occasionally owe to printer's readers. "Of course printers' blunders and wrong readings have been a fair mark for witticisms in all time, but if printers were not the modest and unaggressive race they are, what an amount of fun they could get (and do get amongst themselves) out of authors' blunders. I have in mind an incident where a reader modestly called the attention of a well-known authoress to an absolute contradiction of one part of her story with another. The authoress replied indignantly that 'she was no novice,' that 'this was not her first book, and that she required no editoral help from the printer.' But in the next proof the story was altered exactly as the reader had suggested, and that without any acknowledgment. I am happy to say that this is not the universal rule."

It is stated that, encouraged by the success of *McClure's Magazine*, Messrs. D. Appleton and Co. will shortly start a new monthly, conducted on lines which have proved so popular in *McClure's*. It is believed that the price will be the same, that is, 15 cents.

Messrs Bryce have in the press a birthday book, to be entitled 'The Kitty Birthday Book,' being selections in prose and verse from the writings of Miss Betham-Edwards, author of 'Kitty.'

The editor of the English Dialect Dictionary, Dr. Joseph Wright, is sending out appeals for more help from those with knowledge of local words. Two or three hundred fresh workers could, it is thought, supply all the matter that is now wanting. The work has been going on for twenty years, and the material collected is enormous. "The slips for the letter S alone weigh nearly 2 cwt." The help asked for is of various kinds, and correspondents are requested (1) to forward sentences or phrases in dialect which they have actually heard from the mouths of the people; (2) to read books written in dialect, and make extracts of quotations according to rules drawn up by the editor; (3) to keep a look-out for dialect words in novels, magazine articles, etc., and send information as to date, and page or column. But helpers, before setting to work, should communicate with Professor Joseph Wright, 6, Norham Road, Oxford.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, the American novelist and poet, author of 'Main Travelled Roads,' published in England by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is to give lectures and readings from his own poems in America next year. The subjects of the

e ctures will be "The Modern Novel," "The Drift of the Drama," "Impressionism in Art," and "Living Authors."

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden are to be the American as well as the English publishers of Mr. George Meredith's 'The Tale of Chloe, and other Stories.' All the stories have been personally revised by the author since they appeared in the *New Quarterly Magazine*. A large paper edition, numbered, and consisting of one hundred copies only, will also be published by the same firm.

Mr. Austin Dobson is one of the few modern authors who has persistently set his face against the system of interviewing, and refuses in every instance and every circumstance to receive the interviewer.

Messrs. Putman and Son will issue shortly a life of 'Henry the Navigator,' by Mr. C. Raymond Beazley, Fellow of Merton College. A readable account of the services rendered to civilisation by the first great patron of modern exploration, "the originator of continuous discovery," has long been desired by historical students. Mr. Beazley, in collaboration with Mr. Prestage, of Balliol College, is preparing for the Hakluyt Society a translation of 'Azurara's Chronicle of the Discovery and Conquest of Guinea.'

The editors of the 'New English Dictionary' announce that on and after January 1st, 1895, one section at least of each letter, consisting of sixty-four pages, will be published quarterly at half-a-crown. Dr. Murray has nearly completed the letter D, and has already commenced the preparation of H. One volume of F has just been placed in the subscribers' hands, and Mr. Henry Bradley has others almost ready for the press. Under his editorship, too, the letter G is already in preparation.

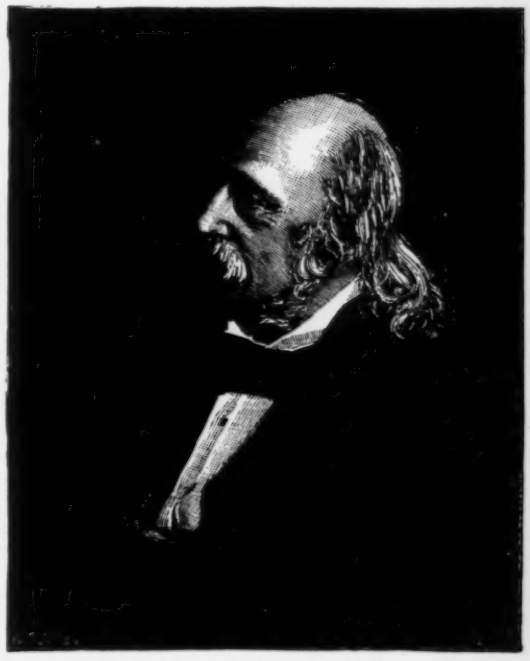
The first volume of the Social England series will shortly be issued by Mr. Swan Sonnenschein. Its author, Mr. Rowbotham, of Balliol College, has taken for his subject 'The Troubadours.' He has pursued his studies with great perseverance in most of the great libraries of Europe; and we understand that, as a result of his researches, he has come to differ widely from some of the greatest living authorities on this subject. Mr. Kenelm Cotes, of All Souls' College, the editor of the series, is a well-known Extension lecturer. He has got together a strong list of writers, in which are to be found the names of Professor Vinogradoff, Professor Baldwin Brown, Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., Mr. Henry Balfour, and Mr. Cornish, of Eton College. Professor Vinogradoff will write on 'The English Manor,' Professor Baldwin Brown on 'The Fine Arts,' and Mr. Cornish on 'Chivalry.' The title of Mr. Inderwick's contribution to the series will be 'The King's Peace.' Each volume will contain about 200 pages.

The President of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, has finished a translation of Savonarola's Meditations on Psalms xxxi. and li., which will be published before the end of the year. A brief introduction by Dr. Perowne will complete the volume.

Mr. Bertram Mitford has ready for publication another romance of African life, which he proposes to call 'A Veldt Official.'

Miss Ellen Olney Kirke, the popular American novelist, will publish almost immediately, through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., a new novel of New York social life, entitled 'The Story of Laurence Garthe.'

The series of papers entitled 'My Landlady's Stories' which have been running through *To-Day* are to appear shortly in volume form. The author is Mr. Herbert Keen.



FREDERICK TENNYSON. (See p. 80.)

Mr. Joseph Hatton will shortly publish in volume form the series of papers, 'Pens and Pencils of the Press,' which he has been contributing to the *Ludgate Monthly*.

Mr. Headon Hill has ready for publication a new volume of detective stories, to which he proposes giving the title, 'The Divination of Kala Persad, and other Detective Stories.' The tales have all appeared serially.

Miss Mary H. Tennyson, author of 'The Fool of Fate,' 'Friend Perdita,' etc., has written a new novel, entitled 'Justin Hampden.'

Mr. Guy Boothby has written another tale of "Thursday Island," which he proposes calling 'The Marriage of Esther.'

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's new novel is entitled 'The Grey Lady.' It will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. after it has appeared serially in the *Windsor Magazine*.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just issued the fourth edition of 'The Ascent of Man,' completing twenty thousand copies of Professor Drummond's Lowell Lectures.

Messrs. Scribner's Sons, of New York, are just issuing a new work by Dr. W. E. Griffis, entitled 'The Religions of Japan.' The English edition will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

James Whitcomb Riley's new book has been published in America. It contains an imitation of Edgar Allan Poe which has a curious history. Riley early in his career met with the usual experience of young authors. Believing that his productions would have been well received had they been written by an author already famous, he produced a poem in imitation of Edgar Allan Poe, and published it in a country paper as a newly discovered manuscript of that author. It is said that even an authority like Edmund Clarence Stedman pronounced it genuine, and when the name of the real author was disclosed, Mr. Stedman still maintained that the poem was unquestionably written by Poe. Hitherto Riley has never allowed the verses to be published in his books. We give them in full, and cannot help being astonished at Mr. Stedman.

LEONAINIE.

Leonainie—Angels named her;
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
In a smile of white;
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In the solemn night—

In a solemn night of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to greet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot as Joy caressed me—
(Lying Joy! that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper
In the angel-tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper—
"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales but told you to deceive you—
So must Leonainie leave you
While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning.
Matchless and supreme,
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem;
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
Where my Leonainie drifted
From me like a dream.

For the first time in his literary career, Jerome K. Jerome is about to write directly for an American audience. His new work consists of a series of papers similar in vein to his 'Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow,' but addressed to American girls and women. The articles will begin shortly in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which periodical will print the entire series.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

OCTOBER 22 TO NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

The state of trade during the period indicated above compares favourably with that of the corresponding period of 1893, although during the last week a check has been received. This, however, is traceable to the stagnation of business in certain districts which are flooded. Foreign enquiries are well sustained, and Japan is buying as freely as ever, the demand being for the best books obtainable on the various arts and manufactures, as well as for the highest class of philosophical and mathematical publications of the universities.

Considerable attention is still directed to the "nett" book question. "Nett" published prices have been extended to school publications, but this departure is hardly likely to find favour with principals of schools, who are surely entitled to any advantage they can obtain under the old system.

It is quite possible that as long as people eat, so long will cookery books be in demand. This will no doubt account for the reception with which publications of this class always meet. Beeton's and Warne's cookery books, as well as the little manuals by Mrs. de Salis, and the high-class productions of Mrs. Marshall (especially the guinea work), are in great favour at the time of writing.

At this season of the year there is always one book which eclipses all others by its sale. It is too early yet to fix on it. Several have entered the competition, and it is intended to name the winner next month. Books of travel, beautifully and faithfully illustrated with blocks produced by various processes from photographs, are appearing in strong array. These are always sure of a good welcome at all times of the year. Several dealing with South Africa appear at an appropriate time.

Noticeable among juvenile books are those founded on historical events. Of course the usual proportion of "early settler" tales have appeared. Anything of the "redskin" type is especially attractive to boys. Even the writer of this article must plead guilty on this count.

And what about the novels? "Unprecedented" is hardly a sufficiently strong adjective to apply to the present demand for this class of publication; perhaps "phenomenal" is nearer the mark. Anyhow, the number now being sold is enormous. A careful calculation reveals the fact that about 200 6s. novels have been offered to the trade by publishers during the present season. Several of these appear for the first time in this form.

Great interest is evidently being taken in the Parish Councils Act, the sale of popular manuals on this subject being very great. Ward and Lock's 1s. handbook is the favourite.

The new volume of the Bampton Lectures is always welcomed. This may be owing to the fact that, according to the will of the founder, a different lecturer must be chosen for each year. The attention recently directed to the Western Australian goldfields, notably the Coolgardie group, has resulted in the production of several handbooks, but they appear to be little more than advertisements.

Messrs. Dent and Co.'s Temple Shakespeare holds its own as each volume appears, and the same firm's dainty little volumes in the "Banbury Cross" series, embracing the best-known nursery stories, are being appreciated by the friends of little folks. The writer's opinion of juvenile books this year is that, as a whole, they surpass those of all previous years in literary excellence and beauty of production.

In the magazine and periodical department matters have been very brisk indeed, consequent upon the issue of Christmas numbers or double parts. The demand for these is prodigious, the quantity disposed of each year weighing hundreds of tons.

The following books are at present in greatest demand :—

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Lilac Sunbonnet (The). By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
People of the Mist (The). By H. R. Haggard. 6s.
Ebb Tide. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s.
My Lady Rotha. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Perlycross. By R. D. Blackmore. 6s.
Round the Red Lamp. By A. C. Doyle. 6s.
Manxman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.
Raiders (The). By S. R. Crockett, 6s.
Heavenly Twins (The). By S. Grand. 6s.
Highway of Sorrow (The). By Hesba Stretton. 6s.
Olga Romanoff. By G. Griffith. 6s.
Great War (The) in 1897. By W. Le Queux. 6s.
Doreen. By Edna Lyall. 6s.
When London Burned. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
Wulf the Saxon. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
Robbery under Arms. By Boldrewood. 3s. 6d.
Prisoner of Zenda (The). By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.
Lourdes. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
Gleams of Memory. By J. Payn. 3s. 6d.
Mary Fenwick's Daughter. By B. Whitby. 3s. 6d.
We Three and Troddles. By R. Andom. 3s. 6d.
John Bull and Co. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d.
Green Carnation (The). 2s. 6d. and 3s.
In the Heart of the Rockies. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
Life of Sir J. Astley. 6s.
Pride and Prejudice. By J. Austen. Illustrated by H. Thomson. 6s.
First Things First. By Rev. G. Jackson. 3s. 6d.
Christian Doctrine. By R. W. Dale. 6s.
Czar and Sultan. By A. Forbes. 10s. 6d.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 10s. net.
Use of Life (The). By Sir J. Lubbock. 3s. 6d.
Unrecorded Chapter (An) in the Indian Mutiny. By R. E. Wilberforce. 7s. 6d.
Strange Career (A): Life, etc., of J. G. Jebb. 10s. 6d.
Personality, Human and Divine. By J. R. Illingworth. 8s. 6d. (Bampton Lectures.)
Horace. Translated by W. E. Gladstone. 6s.
Hawarden Horace (The). By Charles Graves. 3s. 6d.
Things will Take a Turn. By B. Harraden. 2s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Oct. 27.—A good week, with slight variation at the middle. Foreign and colonial trade well sustained, with noticeable improvement in S. Africa.
Nov. 3.—Opened better than previous week, and finished well. Colonial and foreign firm, some good lines from Japan.
Nov. 10.—A little easier, improving at the finish. Colonial and foreign both improving.
Nov. 17.—Still an improvement on last week at commencement, with a check at end. Colonial a little easier, foreign unchanged.

POETRY.

THE BEGGING MOTHER.

Old Night, the outcast Mother-nurse,
The universe's mendicant,
Came wandering by in grief and want
And hiding from her children's curse.

And when she found the gate of Sleep
She softly tapped and, trembling, stayed
As one half hungry, half afraid,
Who weeps to hide, and hides to weep.

And Sleep, whose fear may scarce endure
One touch on all his bars and beams,
Took a few crumbs of broken dreams
And cast them forth, and closed the door.

Then poor old Night unbound her veil,
And wrapped them round, and bore them far,
And these shall be for some new star
New birds when our old world shall fail.

EDWIN J. ELLIS.

THE READER.

A SHORT AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

THE following letter was sent by Mr. Hamerton in answer to a request for material for a biographical essay :—

Pré Charmoy,
Autun, Saône et Loire,
24th Feb., 1882.

I was born at Laneside in the township of Crompton, about three miles from Oldham in Lancashire. Laneside is a small hamlet about a mile outside of Shaw, up the hill. The hamlet and small farms about it belonged to my mother. The house itself had no particular name, but was the principal house in the little hamlet, which is not saying much. I was born on September 10th, 1834.

My father, John Hamerton, was a solicitor in Shaw, and a man of very good abilities, as well as exceptional physical strength. He was the youngest son of Gilbert Hamerton, Esq., of Hollins, near Burnley, Lancashire, who was the second surviving son of John Hamerton of Hellifield Peel, representative of one of the oldest families in Yorkshire (the De Hamertons of Hamerton, Wigglesworth, and Hellifield Peel), which has been allied with many of the principal old families in the north of England, and is descended by several differents descents through female lines from the Royal Family of England.

My mother's maiden name was Anne Cocker. Her father was Philip Cocker (she was his only child), and he had done something in the cotton trade, but I don't think he increased his property by it. He had some hereditary property which had been in his family for some time, and he married Alice Crompton, who was descended from the feudal family of De Crompton, of Crompton Hall.

It was stated in a Scotch paper that I was a rich man, and that my family consisted of wealthy manufacturers in Lancashire. The facts are that my mother left me some property which made me independent as a bachelor, but scarcely so as a married man, and I married early. None of my father's family ever went in for manufacturing. On my mother's side I am related to the Cromptons and Milnes, who are very large manufacturers, and connected with the Lees's of Oldham (distantly), who are great coal-owners. I sold my property in Lancashire soon after my marriage, as we decided not to live in that neighbourhood.

My mother died a fortnight after I was born. My father, who did not remarry, only lived till I was rather more than nine years old. He made his eldest sister my guardian, a woman to whose excellent sense and constant kindness I owe a great deal. She and her sister lived at that time in Burnley, and had taken care of me during my childhood (as my mother was dead). I was sent to the grammar school at Burnley, and being a forward child for my age, was put to Latin at five and a half. Some time after my father's death I was sent to school at Doncaster (in Mr. Cape's time). My recollection of that school is that under Mr. Cape, who was a good disciplinarian, that school was an excellent place for work. Unluckily, after I had been there a year and a half, Mr. Cape died, and I went back to Burnley. After a while I became a private pupil with Dr.

Butler of Burnley (then Mr. Butler), who had a great affection for me, as I had for him; but although I cherish his memory, I see now that he ought to have been more severe and frank with me, as he let me go on too much at my own speed, and with a severer master I should have done more work. However, I owe him thanks for two things which have been of great use to me since. He perceived when I was very young that I had a turn for writing English, and he took great pains to teach me to write correct and well ordered English, which is very probably one great reason why I afterwards became successful as an author. He also grounded me in French, a study which I have since carried very far. The intention was to send me to Oxford (Dr. Butler was himself an Oxford man), and he used to try to stimulate me to aim at a Fellowship, but as it happened I had never the slightest ambition in the direction of University aims and successes, and the longer I studied Latin and Greek, the less I liked them. Dr. Butler himself perceived at length that I was behindhand in my classics, and told my guardian that I ought to be sent to a tutor who could give me more time. It happened that a sister of my father's had married the Rev. Thomas Hinde, Vicar of Featherstone, near Pontefract (who had been an Oxford tutor for many years), and as he was a first-rate scholar and a good coach for making dunces pass their examinations, I was delivered into his hands. We spent the whole of every morning in Latin, and the whole of every afternoon in Greek, and the consequence was, that after a year of this drilling I became so heartily sick of both those languages that I begged to be delivered from them. I had pursued drawing and painting from childhood as an amateur, aided by the lessons of drawing masters at Doncaster and Burnley, and now I wanted to be an artist, so I went to learn painting with Mr. J. P. Pettitt in London. He was a landscape-painter, whose acquaintance I had made in the Lake District, and as he had a great affection for nature and was a thorough student, I got on pretty well with him. When I was studying with Mr. Pettitt in London, I made the acquaintance of C. R. Leslie, R.A., and was a frequent guest at his house. He brought me rather under Constable's influence, but not for the time with any practical effect.

About that time of my life (I mean for two or three years before I came of age) I lived, when at home, in a large old house in the country called Hollins, which belonged to my uncle. It was about two miles out of Burnley, but quite out of the smoke and sight of the manufacturing town, as the Hollins estate was situated between Towneley Park and the moorland, and in a hollow of the hills through which flowed a beautiful rocky stream. I believe it was the charm and beauty of this place that impelled me to become a landscape-painter. There is a great deal of beauty and interest in the neighbourhood of Burnley, and so there is in Craven, the part of Yorkshire with which my family was connected. I should say that it was simply the love of nature that impelled me to art. The same sentiment led me to travel in the English Lake District and in the West Highlands of Scotland. Before I came of age I had seen a good deal of those parts of the island, and as like most young men I wrote verses, I made a blank-verse poem about Loch Awe, which I published when I came of age along with some other poems. It had no success except that it was very favourably reviewed in a good many journals, but the reviews exercised very little influence upon the sale, as only eleven copies were disposed of by fair selling in London. Thirty-six copies were bought by the Burnley people from the kind interest they took in the author. At that time I thought that it would be a good thing for me to carry forward my education in other things as well as art, so I went to Paris to study the French language and at the same time improve myself in painting; but as it is difficult to carry on two things with equal energy, I gave more time to the language than to the art, and succeeded better in it. I made, however, the acquaintance of Mr. William Wyld, an English artist who had lived in France ever since his youth, and was very well known in that country, though he exhibited much more rarely in England. Mr. Wyld gave me some good advice, and for many years afterwards I looked up to him as my master, and often consulted him. I have also worked in his studio, but not for long together. His influence was more by example and precept than by what is commonly called teaching.

In the autumn of 1856 I came to the conclusion that it would be a convenience to have a hut with plate-glass windows in it for the purpose of painting from nature. My plan has since been followed by Mr. Herkomer and other artists, but at that time I believe I was alone in using a hut in England, though I have since learned that Troyon used one in France. As I fixed the hut on the moors about three or four miles from home, it was an obvious convenience to sleep in it, and this led to regular encamping, which I carried out in a very complete way at Loch Awe in 1857. In 1858 I took the island of Innistrynich in Loch Awe on a lease, and made that place my head-quarters for artistic excursions. In the spring of that year I married Mademoiselle Eugénie Gindriez who was the daughter of François Frédéric Gindriez, member of the National Assembly as deputy for the department of Saône et Loire, and Prefect of the department of the Doubs. Being opposed to Louis Napoleon, M. Gindriez resigned his prefecture at the beginning of the Empire, and would never accept any preferment from Napoleon III., who nevertheless allowed him to live peaceably in Paris, after a temporary exile in Belgium. My wife is a lady of very superior intelligence and attainments, and the most perfect companion for me that I could possibly imagine. She speaks English remarkably well, and has a very considerable knowledge of English literature, as well as a cultivated taste in the fine arts. Her influence upon me has been very great and most favourable; indeed, my belief is that without it I should never have become known.

My wife and I lived nearly four years at Innistrynich, going to London and Paris every year; but at that time my art was quite unproductive as far as money was concerned, so I decided to go to live in France, and we settled at Sens, in the department of the Yonne. There I painted very industriously, and produced a good many pictures, but only a very few of them found purchasers. As I happened to be visiting the Salon of 1863 in company with Mr. Wyld, he suggested that I should write a criticism of that exhibition and send it to some periodical. I took his advice, and sent it to the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*. The article appeared at the head of the second number of the *Review*,

and made me a reputation as an art critic which I have since only had to maintain. I had already published with Messrs. Macmillan and Co., of London and Cambridge, a work in two volumes, entitled 'A Painter's Camp in the Highlands and Thoughts about Art,' the first volume being an account of my own doings in Scotland (principally at Loch Awe), and the second a book of essays on artistic subjects. This appeared in 1862, but the books have appeared as separate works in subsequent editions. Any one may see that the 'Painter's Camp and Thoughts about Art' were the work of an inexperienced writer, but there was a good deal of youthful energy in the book, and also an unquestionably sincere love for nature, which won me the sympathy of a considerable number of readers; indeed, the 'Painter's Camp' is still read even at the present day.

From the years 1864 and 1865 my work as a painter became subordinate to my work as a writer. I have never abandoned practical art (indeed, I was painting only yesterday, and shall paint again to-day), but as writing was always in my case the more successful of the two occupations, it got the upper hand. I was a frequent contributor to the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, and I contributed at one time rather frequently to the *Fortnightly*. In 1866 I was appointed art critic to the *Saturday Review*, which of course necessitated rather frequent journeys to London, and long visits when I was there. Finding the regularity of this unsuitable to me, I resigned my post, but remained for many years an occasional contributor to the *Review*, principally on French literature. In 1868 I published a work on etching, entitled 'Etching and Etchers,' which has been a remarkable success. It was published at £1 11s. 6d., and rose gradually in the market till a copy was sold for more than £16 in public auction at New York. A guinea edition of the same book appeared in 1876 with twelve plates, ten of which were copies executed by myself. In December, 1880, a new edition appeared at five guineas, with an entirely different set of illustrations, and although 1,000 copies were printed, it was exhausted and rose to seven guineas before publication. The text of the second edition was very thoroughly revised and augmented, and that of the third was again very thoroughly revised and increased by some additional chapters. In 1868 I published an essay on French art, entitled 'Contemporary French Painters,' and in the following year another of the same kind, called 'Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism.' I then tried my hand at fiction, and wrote 'Wenderholme, a story of Lancashire and Yorkshire,' which, like all first attempts, was crude in some respects, but found a good many readers. The first edition was published in 1869. Another edition appeared in 1876 in one volume, the story being much condensed, and, in my opinion, greatly improved thereby. In the year 1869 I planned a new periodical, the *Portfolio*, and proposed it to Messrs. Seeley and Co., who took up the idea, so we started it in 1870 (January 1st), and although, like all young periodicals, it had to contend against great difficulties just at first, it gradually made its way, and has now for some years been quite firmly established as increasing success has enabled the publishers to make a larger and larger outlay upon its production.

Some books of mine have first appeared in the *Portfolio* in a serial form, for example, 'The Unknown River: an Etcher's Voyage of Discovery with thirty-seven Etchings by the Author.' This was an account of an artistic voyage down the river Arroux in a canoe. The Arroux is a picturesque affluent of the Loire that flows past Autun, and the book was called 'The Unknown River' because I was the only person who had ever accomplished the voyage. The book and its illustrations were liked, and had some success. It was first published in 1871, and a smaller and cheaper edition with eight etchings appeared in 1874. 'The Sylvan Year' appeared in the *Portfolio*, and was republished as a volume in 1876, with etchings by myself and other artists. The 'Life of Turner' appeared in the *Portfolio*, and was published separately in 1878, with some illustrations (reproductions of Turner's sketches) by Brunet Debaines.

In 1873 I published 'The Intellectual Life,' which, in the form of a collection of letters, examined the best conditions of intellectual living—I mean of living in such a manner as to give the intellectual faculties sufficient opportunities for their happy and healthy exercise. This book had considerable success, and is still read.

In 1874 my publisher persuaded me to try a story for boys, and I did so purely in obedience to his wishes. This was the origin of 'Harry Blount,' which was published in 1875, but although it sold fairly it was not nearly so considerable a success as the publisher anticipated, and I have never been tempted to write specially for boys again.

In 1876 I published 'Round my House,' a book which gave an account of my impressions of rural France. This book was very successful, and soon reached a third edition. It was founded on personal knowledge, not, of course, of all France, but of the part of the country I lived in.

In 1877 I published a novel, in one volume, called 'Marmorne,' which appeared anonymously, and had a great success. Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh (who had published 'Wenderholme'), brought it out, and it soon reached a third edition. It was also published by Baron Tauchnitz in his well-known series, and by Messrs. Roberts, of Boston, in a series of anonymous novels called "The No-Name Series," which they were then issuing. A French translation of it appeared as a *feuilleton* in the *Temps* newspaper, and was afterwards published in Messrs. Hachette's *Bibliothèque des Meilleurs Romans Etrangers*. It was reviewed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and many other reviews and newspapers.

In 1878 I published a series of biographies of notable Frenchmen, called 'Modern Frenchmen,' but the success of this book was very limited, as the English critics complained that the men I had selected were of no importance. The fact was that they were well known in France, but not in England, and English people would not believe that they could be well known, as they themselves had never heard of them. I may mention Rude, the sculptor, as a good example of this. It is not possible for any sculptor to be better known in his own country than Rude is in France, but the English critics had never heard of him, and were displeased with me for ranking him as a great man, because that was a reflection upon their own (very natural) ignorance of French celebrities.

I contributed the articles on Drawing and Engraving to the ninth edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

I have been elected (in recognition of my works on art) an honorary member of the Burlington Club in London, and *membre protectem* of the Belgian Etching Club. I am a Fellow and Member of Council of the Society of Painter-Etchers.

All my books, except my poems, have been republished in America, in a handsome stereotyped series of volumes, by Messrs. Roberts, of Boston. Some of them have been remarkably successful in America, especially 'The Intellectual Life,' which has been reprinted ten or twelve times (at least, but I don't know exactly). The first edition was exhausted in about a week, and the second in about ten days after its appearance. The book sells yet, and keeps its place steadily at the head of my works in America.

During the year 1881 I was almost exclusively occupied in writing a new work entitled 'The Graphic Arts,' which will appear on the 1st of March, 1882. It is the most complete work hitherto written concerning the technical side of the arts of design, and it will be adequately illustrated. The price is five guineas for ordinary copies and ten for large paper copies. The edition consists of 1,600 copies in all, of which more than 1,200 have been sold before publication.

With regard to my poems, I may say that 'The Isles of Loch Awe,' having been so unsuccessful at first, I reduced the price from six shillings to half-a-crown. A good many copies were disposed of at the reduced price, but as the edition was rather large (it consisted of 2,000 copies), I had still a large remainder, which I disposed of to a wholesale bookseller. The public gradually absorbed the whole, and now for some time past the book has been rising in the market, and just now is worth about what I first asked for it. It has been rather a satisfaction to me to see this early attempt recover its value.

You will understand that so much literary activity has naturally very seriously interfered with my practical pursuit of art. I have, however, always kept up the habit of making practical experiments in the graphic arts, especially in etching and oil-painting. I have a laboratory fitted up with everything necessary for producing and printing etchings, and I paint *studies* in oil, but more studies than pictures. I do not think that a writer on art can do without keeping up his knowledge to some degree by practical work.

I have made a good many drawings, from which twelve were selected to be published by the Autotype Company, who brought them out in the year 1881.

On the foundation of the Watson Gordon chair of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh, it was thought by some gentlemen in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland that I was a suitable person for the post, so they induced me to present myself as a candidate, but I did not understand, either from what they said or from the published notices of the matter, that I should be expected to go and canvass the electors personally. The University Court postponed the election twice, and *quite at the last* they announced through the secretary that they were not disposed to elect any one who did not go to see them personally. I, at that time, was very busy with my new edition of 'Etching and Etchers,' and could not interrupt my work by a long journey from Autun to Edinburgh; so I had to let my candidature take its chance, and the University Court did not elect me. My candidature was more a simple *consent to stand* than an active candidature, but in obedience to the requirements of the University Court I asked some eminent artists and others for testimonials, which they gave me very liberally.

I may tell you that although my literary studies were suspended when I was about eighteen years old by my desire to become an artist, I resumed them on my own account afterwards, and became a very thorough French scholar (I write French quite as easily as English, and know the language as a well-educated Frenchman knows it). I have always greatly valued literary studies. I began to learn Italian in 1863-64, and have pursued it since. I write and read a little Italian every day. I am a member of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, but this is more for the artistic side of the Society's work than for the literary side, as I have no pretension to any serious Greek scholarship. I just mention these pursuits, not in order to convey to you the false impression that I am a learned man, but merely to show that I really value literary pursuits, and follow them as seriously as the time at my disposal allows. . . . . .

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

VIII.—FROM THE MURDER OF RIZZIO TO THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

MARY'S love to Darnley was more vehement than enduring. Nine weeks after their marriage they were "at great strife"; and he who was to play such a prominen, part in their tragic story was already the bone of contention. In the army raised to crush the Protestant lordst Darnley wished his father to be lieutenant-general; but she preferred Bothwell, because of "his evill will against Murray" and his promise "to have him die as an alien." The "glorious, rash, and hazardous young man"—as five years before Throckmorton had described him—had returned to Scotland in September, having been recalled by Mary, despite his alleged complicity in Arran's plot to seize her, despite the foul charges of immorality he had subsequently launched against her.

William Tytler holds that until Rizzio was murdered, Mary's affection towards Darnley was unbounded; but in the previous December there was "some mis-liking" between them—a mis-liking which manifested itself in various suggestive ways. In Randolph's letter to Leicester, of 13th February, 1565-6, it is affirmed that Mary repents her marriage, that she hates Darnley and all his kin, that Darnley knows she is false to him, that there are practices in hand contrived between the father and son to obtain the crown against her will, that if that take effect which is purposed Rizzio shall have his throat cut, with Darnley's consent, within ten days, and that the writer had even heard that something was intended against Mary's own person. Twelve days later, Randolph informed Cecil that Lennox was shortly to meet Argyll, when the proposal would be made that if he and Murray would concur to give Darnley the crown-matri-

monial, the king would take their part, bring them home, and establish religion as at Mary's return. On the 6th of March, Bedford and Randolph wrote Cecil concerning a great attempt which was to be made, with which they had promised to acquaint none, save Elizabeth, Leicester, and himself. They referred to the jars between Mary and Darnley as due partly to her refusing him the crown-matrimonial, and partly to his jealousy of him at whose apprehension and execution he had determined to be present.

On Friday the 8th of March, Bedford and Randolph wrote to Leicester and Cecil that Morton was in Edinburgh, and that Murray and his whole company would be there on Sabbath evening; but before their arrival the intention towards him whom Cecil knows would be executed. The leading details of the terrible scene enacted in Holyrood on Saturday evening, are well known—the little supper party, the unexpected intrusion, the upsetting of the table, the dragging forth of the terror-stricken victim, the savage murder, the mutual recrimination, and the commotion outside.

Mariolaters of course scout the Rizzio scandal as baseless and preposterous.* Principal Robertson, who was not biassed in Mary's favour, believed that Darnley's suspicion was groundless, and that Randolph's silence was "in itself a sufficient vindication of her innocence;" but this argument cannot be used now. Mary's answer to Darnley, as given in Bedford and Randolph's letter of the 27th March, is regarded by Wright as an avowal and defence of her criminal connection with the hated foreigner; but, even on the supposition that the conversation is there reported with substantial accuracy, allowance must be made for her excitement and just indignation. Wright is uncharitable enough to suppose that "Honest" Keith refrained from printing this letter because of its damaging nature. Hill Burton remarks that, at the birth of James the Sixth, it was noticed "as a memorable fact that Darnley acknowledged the infant as his own, and that this should have been deemed a fact of importance is curiously suggestive of the unsatisfied and suspicious feelings which had become prevalent." Not less remarkable were Mary's words to Darnley, a few hours after the birth of the prince, as recorded by Herries:—"My lord, God hes given you and me a sone, begotten by none but you. . . . My lord, heer I protest to God, and as I shall answer to Him at the great day of judgment, this is your sone, and no other man's sone. And I am desyrous that all heer, both ladies and others, bear witnes; for he is so much your owen sone, that I fear it be the worse for him heerafter."

Hosack takes Froude to task for saying that Mary had deprived Morton of the chancellorship with the intention of bestowing it upon Rizzio; and exclaims, "So far as I am aware, the possibility of a friendless adventurer like Riccio being raised to that high office has never been alluded to by any one before Mr. Froude." Here Hosack, however, only exposes his own ignorance, for the matter is referred to by the continuator of Knox, by Spottiswoode and by Calderwood. And last century, Goodall, in ridiculing the idea that Mary intended to make Rizzio chancellor, contended that the story had arisen from "a gross blunder in translating one of George Buchanan's sentences." But Goodall, like Hosack, was mistaken, for this transference of the great seal was referred to at the time both by Randolph and De Silva.

Hosack avers that "it was Murray who first signed the bond for Riccio's murder." But neither in the "articles" signed by Murray and the others at Newcastle, nor in the corresponding "articles" signed by Darnley, is Rizzio mentioned. The bond which refers to the "Italian stranger called David" was not signed by Murray.

Goodall describes Darnley's reconciliation with Murray as the taking up "this frozen viper to warm it in his bosom," and traces to it Darnley's own murder, his father's slaughter, his mother's poisoning, his matchless Queen's murder, his unborn son's risk of destruction, his grandson's murder, and the dethroning and exiling of his great-grandchildren and their posterity.

Goodall further asserts, but does not prove, that in the plot against Rizzio it was intended to murder, in Mary's presence, the Earls of Huntly, Bothwell, and Atholl, the Lords Fleming and Livingstone, and Sir James Balfour. These were all in the palace on the evening of the 9th of March; but Ruthven's 'Relation' and the letters of Bedford and Randolph show that the plot was not directed against them. Even the Bishop of Dunblane, in delivering Mary's message to the Pope, does not say that there was any conspiracy against their lives, but states that the three Earls—Huntly, Bothwell and Atholl—whom he feelingly describes as "men of piety and faithful to the poor Queen," finding themselves "unable to help her," and being "prevented from leaving the palace," escaped by the windows.

The statement that Rizzio was slain in Mary's presence cannot be accepted as strictly accurate, although it occurs in Darnley's declaration, in an entry in the 'Register of the Privy Council,' and in Mary's own letters to Elizabeth. It is altogether inconsistent with Ruthven's 'Relation,' and with the letter which Bedford and Randolph wrote after making careful enquiry. These bear that he was dragged out of the Queen's cabinet, hustled through her bed-chamber, and slain at the furthest door of the outer room (the chamber of presence) or going down the stairs from it. Sir James Melville states that the slaughter was in Mary's presence, although he had previously said that, "geving gret skirlis and cryes," Rizzio was "rudly reft from the Quen," and "slain in the utter hall." In her letter to Beaton, Mary herself says that he was invaded in her presence, taken forth of her cabinet, and despatched with fifty-six wounds at the entry of her chamber.

Spottiswoode says, "The Queen . . . . sent one of her maids to enquire what was become of Davie, who, quickly returning, told her that he was killed; having asked her, how she knew it, the maid answered that she had seen him dead. Then the Queen, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, said, 'No more tears; I will think upon a revenge.' Neither was she seen after that any more to lament." In Hill Burton's opinion this account, "if better vouched," would be "formidable evidence" of Mary's "intention to work for what afterwards came to pass." As he remarks, the Herries' 'Memoirs,' which fully corroborate

* Buchanan and Blackwood agree that Rizzio was by no means good-looking. Herries speaks of him as "neither handsome nor well-faced." Causin says he was deformed. Both Blackwood and Causin state that he was elderly; Bishop Lesley says he was fifty; but, according to a dispatch printed by Labanoff, he was only about thirty-two when slain.

Spottiswoode on this point, are of dubious authority, having been re-cast; but, if any part of them can be taken as genuine, the passage on this point may, for it begins—"The originall sayes." Besides these two, and the threat, to which Hill Burton also refers, as preserved by Bedford and Randolph, "It shall be deare blude to some of you, if hys be spylte;" there are at least other three passages to the same effect. In the continuation of Knox's 'History' it is said—"The Queen, when she heard he was dead, left weeping, and declared she would study revenge, which she did." Ruthven's 'Relation' represents Mary as thus addressing Darnley: "I shall never . . . . like well, till I gar you have as sore a heart as I have presently;" and Nau avers that, next morning after Darnley had expressed his penitence, she said to him, "You have done me such a wrong, that neither the recollection of our early friendship, nor all the hope you can give me of the future, can ever make me forget it."

D. HAY FLEMING.

FREDERICK TENNYSON.

THREE true poets, and two of them really great, in one family, is so remarkable a circumstance that the public mind seems quite unequal to the task of dividing its attention fairly between them. Many who are familiar with the works of the late Laureate are hardly aware that such works as 'Days and Hours,' 'The Isles of Greece,' and 'Daphne, and other Poems' exist, and have only a dim remembrance that the late Lord Tennyson had one, or perhaps two brothers, who also wrote verses. It is true that the eldest brother has not been so treated by all, for some of the most penetrating and discerning minds of his age have done him justice; but I speak of the general voice.

Doubtless this result is to some extent due to the poet's own conduct. He is as sensitive as the late Laureate was; but if only he could have had just as much confidence in his own powers, and just as little faith in the judgment of his early critics as his famous brother—if only he could have answered the storm which beset his 'Days and Hours' with the calm but grim humour of some such strain as: "Vex not thou the poet's mind with thy shallow wit," then his career in literature might have been very different, and the gain to his own generation would have been great. What he actually did, however, was not to become silent—that no true poet could—but to sing to himself instead of to all the world for thirty-six years. After living in Florence for some years, where he found his wife and became intimate with the Brownings, he visited Jersey in 1859, and became so fond of its "mellow moons and happy skies" and sea-washed shores that he has made it his home ever since. Every time I visit St. Ewolds, where he has lived since 1884 with his eldest son, Captain Julius Tennyson, and his wife and family, the thought recurs to me that it is almost an ideal home for a poet. It is situated on the brow of a high hill amid well-wooded and undulating scenery, itself half hidden among old trees, with one of Jersey's lovely valleys on the eastern side, and from its southern windows commanding a magnificent view of the entire town of St. Heliers and its surroundings, with the bold outlines of Fort Regent on the east, Elizabeth Castle on the west lying like an island gem on the bosom of St. Aubyn's Bay, and with the great sea stretching limitless beyond for the background of the vast picture. The poet, being intensely fond of the sea, is never weary of watching it in all its various moods; and often it plays an important part in those exquisite word pictures of nature in which he excels.

I have only known the poet as an old man; but an old age like his has a very peculiar fascination about it, a fascination deeper and more commanding than that which we feel in contemplating a youth aglow with brightest promise; for here the appeal is to what was and is, and not what merely may be. When I first met him in his own home about two and a half years ago, I was struck with his strong resemblance to the late Laureate, whom Carlyle described as "one of the finest-looking men in the world." He is about middle height, finely built, and still walks with wonderful erectness, though with a slight inclination to stoop. He has a wide rather than lofty brow, strong aquiline nose, firm, fine mouth, and keen grey eyes, which have nevertheless a meditative restfulness about them. His face is a singular combination of strength and gentleness, and the prevailing impression it leaves upon you is that of a solemn earnestness, mingled with broad goodwill and kindliness.

His command of language is extraordinary. You cannot be long in his society without being impressed by the precision and even graceful beauty with which he expresses his thoughts in the most ordinary conversation. Without a suggestion of verbal parade or pedantry, the one best word seems to come to him with unfailing readiness just at the instant it is required. His linguistic gifts were early developed, and in his school and college days he was highly distinguished as a classical scholar. At Cambridge he won the gold medal for a remarkably fine Greek ode on the Pyramids, the original manuscript of which, stained with age, I had in my hand the other day. In Miles' 'Poets and Poetry of the Century,' Dr. Japp refers to this medal as a bronze one, which is a mistake, and puts quite a different complexion on the poet's early triumph. The medal in question was known among the students as "Brown's medal," and is so referred to by Sir Francis Doyle in his 'Reminiscences,' and Dr. Japp, who follows Sir Francis pretty closely, or possibly his printer, has converted the phrase "Brown's medal" into "Bronze medal." In my very first interview with the poet I had a rather amusing, if somewhat humiliating, proof of his thorough Greek scholarship. We were talking of his poetry, and I remarked that I had been impressed, as his every reader must be, by the great influence which Greek poetry seemed to exert over his mind in the production of his own. His enthusiasm was kindled at once. "Ah," he said, with animation and emphasis, "there are no models like those the grand old Greeks have left us. What, for instance, could be more perfect of its kind than that splendid passage——?" Here he began to recite a somewhat long passage of Sophocles with such a "fine frenzy" that it reminded me of Professor Jebb at his best, and made me almost fancy I was back in the old class-room again. He preserved the rhythm so perfectly, and gave the words such musical interpretation, that it was delightful to listen; but I felt hopelessly left behind, a fact which doubtless my face expressed, for,

glancing at me as he finished, he said quickly: "You know Greek?" It was with a very faint smile that I answered, "A little." This modesty would have been praiseworthy if it had not been compulsory, for in truth it was long since I had so felt how little Greek I knew; but the answer seemed to reassure him, and the conversation flowed on.

The poet is passionately fond of all kinds of true music, and has a most sensitive ear for the rhythm of poetry Whatever other excellence a poem has, if it lack music he cannot bear it; hence, although he loved Browning, he hates his poetry, and has read very little of it, for he finds it affect him like the rasping of a rough file. Browning, on the other hand, not only had a high opinion of his friend, but of his poetry as well, an opinion shared by his richly gifted wife, whom Frederick Tennyson held in the very highest esteem, and whose poetry he prefers to her husband's. The friendship begun in Florence lasted to the end, and Browning, in company with his son, paid a visit to St. Ewolds several years before his death, a reunion which both of the old friends greatly enjoyed, and which is only less interesting than another meeting in 1892, when the two aged brother poets, Frederick and Alfred, met in this same place and for the last time. One day, while discussing with the poet the chief characteristics of his brother Alfred's poetry in comparison with his own, I happened to say that whilst I thought his own poetry made greater demands upon the reader for the understanding of it, yet his brother's seemed more musical than his. "No," he answered at once, "I cannot agree with you there; indeed, my opinion is just the reverse. I consider Alfred's poetry more thoughtful than mine, but mine is more musical than his." I was surprised at this, and although he went on to give me reasons for his view, and I have considered it a good deal since, I cannot yet see that it is correct. I then asked him what he considered his brother's greatest work. "Well," he answered, "that is rather a hard question for me, because while the 'Guinevere' and certain passages in the 'In Memoriam' are, in my estimation, nobler productions than all his other works, I could hardly decide which of those two should rank first. Perhaps," he added, slowly, "the 'In Memoriam' is, on the whole, his greatest work."

I have had some most interesting conversations with the poet about his school and college days at Eton and Cambridge. He had many remarkable schoolfellows who have since become famous, above all Gladstone and Hallam, the hero of the 'In Memoriam.'

As Gladstone went to Oxford, the poet did not see so much of him as of Hallam, but he remembers that at Eton he was a marked boy, even more for a certain force of character which brought and kept him to the front in everything than for his brilliant scholarship. "There are three things," he said to me one day, "which astonish me about Gladstone: his extraordinary intellectual abilities, the wonderful persistence of his physical vigour, and the absurdity and madness of his later Irish policy, which I cannot speak of with any degree of patience." But he told me that it was Hallam and not Gladstone who impressed him most as a schoolfellow; and when I asked him if he did not think that his brother, in the poetic fancies of his great elegy, and perhaps from the necessities of art, had somewhat exaggerated and coloured his real estimate of his friend's qualities, he answered decidedly and with some emotion: "No. My brother's poem is so great because he wrote it from his very heart, and felt all that he wrote. Besides," he added, "others felt the spell of Hallam as well as Alfred. I did; we all did. He was a young man of the most wonderful promise I have ever known, and I am as sure as Alfred was that if he had lived he would have outshone us all."

Though many far lesser poets have won the world's praise since the author of 'Days and Hours' first began to sing his pure and beautiful songs, yet he seems to feel no regret for this. In answer to a question of mine about his unpublished works, he said with a far-off look in his eyes: "Ah! but I do not care for these things now. Once I wished for fame, not now; that time is past. My interest and outlook now is far more toward the world I am drawing near than the one I am leaving. I have done my work and have loved the doing of it, but it is done, and I am only waiting, yet waiting hopefully, for the end." The following lines, which I have since read in his unpublished poem, 'The Day of Life,' strongly reminded me of this saying, and showed me how deep is the poet's feeling on this subject:

> "The honours that were glories then,
> I said, are crownless now: the blame
> Or praise, the love or scorn of men,
> Are wisps or fogs that haunt a fen;
> I hope no fame, I fear no shame."

The poet, always fond of seclusion, has for some months past scarcely seen any one save the members of his own family; but I was greatly privileged to have another long interview with him. He is now in his eighty-seventh year, and he does not, especially in those last months, bear the burden of his years with that youthful buoyancy of spirit and that remarkable physical energy which characterise some of the most famous octogenarians of our day. He has neither the boyish brightness of Professor Blackie nor that inexhaustible capacity for hard work so bewildering in his old schoolfellow Mr. Gladstone; yet he is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and noble of those few impressive figures that remain among us as venerable representatives of a great past, and we may well believe that when that past comes to be recorded in a future generation, his name will be accorded a much higher place than that which it occupies to-day.

W. B MACLEOD.

NEW BOOKS.

THE ODES OF HORACE.*

Mr. Gladstone is the great classical figure of our day. Such names as "Nestor" or "Demosthenes" when linked with his suggest no incongruity. He might take the place of the chief speaker in Cicero's noble dialogue on "Old Age." *Quartum annum ago et octogesimum . . . sed tamen non plane me enervavit non adflixit senectus*, says Cato there, adding that he was then "finishing his Roman history, collecting memorials of antiquity, editing his chief speeches, dealing with various points of augural and priestly lore, and reading Greek hard." The resemblance is complete; the grand old farmer of Tusculum and the wood-cutter of Hawarden are cast in the same heroic mould.

But the ex-Premier is not content to rival antiquity, he

* 'The Odes of Horace.' Translated into English by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. London, 1894. (John Murray.) 6s.

desires to surpass it. Not satisfied with the foremost rank in oratory and statesmanship, and a high place as a theologian, a philosopher, and a scholar, our English Cicero seeks that poetic ivy—"the ivy, prize *of culture's brow*," he calls it—at which his Roman prototype clutched in vain. Possibly he might have achieved his aim, for he possesses qualities which might have served to enrich the destitution of our English hymn-books with some contributions not unworthy of Addison and Charles Wesley, or, had he preferred translation, there are many passages of Latin poetry the splendid rhetoric of which one would have liked to see interpreted and illuminated by the greatest living master of eloquence. He has, however, chosen a task in which no one has ever succeeded. To discuss the reason of this failure would need an essay, but the fact is certain and admits of simple proof. The most obvious characteristic of the Odes is that they cling spontaneously to the memory: the characteristic of translations of them is that they do not. De Witte recited *Justum et tenacem* . . . on the rack; how many know a rendering of it which they could repeat in bed? Milton and Byron each tried to translate a single Ode, failed, and tried no more. Mr. Gladstone, however, is undeterred, and has added to his giant task by voluntarily laying on himself certain iron laws.

The translator, he tells us, "should largely abridge the syllabic length of his Latin text, should carry compression to the farthest practicable point, should severely limit his use of licentious and imperfect rhymes . . . and should sparingly allow free translation," and under these circumstances his work "will be no easy task." His task in fact will be not merely difficult but impossible. Thus "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd" a translation can only be stiff, forced, and unnatural. The mere attempt to "abridge the syllabic length" of the tersest writer in the tersest language in the world ensures failure.

Take Addison's rendering of *si fractus illabatur orbis*:

> "Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
> In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
> He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
> And stand secure amidst a falling world."

Mr. Gladstone gives:

> "On him all fearless would be hurled
> The ruins of a crumbling world."

Obviously here compression in a gain, and the strong rhyme is powerful and effective; but it is equally obvious that this combination of brevity, rhyme, and sense can only be achieved occasionally. Read this as a contrast (1. 12):

> "From him than his no higher worth
> Nor like, nor second, issues forth;
> Yet great Minerva nearest mounts,
> *And honours counts.*"

The last three words are worse than ludicrous, while how such jig-jog lines can represent the flow of a Sapphic stanza it is hard to conceive. The ear of Horace was marvellous, his rhythmical power is supreme, and, though he professes merely to copy Greek metres, he so transforms them—his Alcaics especially—that they are a new creation. A translator must have equal metrical skill, but Mr. Gladstone thinks to achieve his task by a weary alternation of shorts and longs, cut up into different lengths. Take this (2. 1.):

> "What eddying race, what stream but knows
> Our tearful war? What wave but flows
> The redder with Apulian slain?
> What coast but blushes with the stain?'

It is mechanical and nothing more. Where is the roll and echoing grandeur of

> *Quod mare Dauniæ*
> *Non decoloravere cædes,*
> *Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?*

It is the same throughout. We have a translation in rhyme which is frequently good, sometimes striking, but rarely poetry. Look at the Ode to Dellius (2. 3):

> "An even mind in days of care,
> And in thy days of joy to bear
> A chastened mood, remember: *Why?*
> *'Tis, Dellius, that thou hast to die.*"

The italicised rendering of *morituræ Delli* recalls Tate and Brady, while the famous seven words of the third stanza, *quid obliquo laborat Lympha fugax trepidare rivo?* reappear thus:

> "This flitting stream, why hath it sped
> So headlong down its wandering bed?"

Curiously enough it is, perhaps, in the lighter Odes that Mr. Gladstone is happiest. The Ode to Asterie (3. 9) and the *carmen amœbæum* are first-rate, though 2. 8 "to Barine," which Sir C. Sedley has rendered with matchless grace, is very poor, and such a line as "The gods that never chill nor die" is horrible. In some of the great Odes, however, he is sometimes really strong, as for instance in the last stanza of 3. 6:

> "Age cankers all things: so our grandsire's time
> Bequeathed us one more ripe in crime;
> Our sires did worse again beget,
> And we shall yield the basest yet."

Those who will look at the original will see what great difficulties have been overcome here with great simplicity and force, and the same remark holds good of such a powerful stanza as this (2. 18):

> "My vow is not an idle vow;
> Lead on; we breathe a common breath;
> As sworn companious I and thou
> Will tread the road that ends in death."

Speaking generally it is clear that Mr. Gladstone would have been wiser to select only a certain number of Odes for translation instead of attempting all. The lack of metrical versatility, which is now conspicuous, would have been less apparent, and he would have been able to bestow upon his work more of that *limæ labor* which is essential. We should not then have such lines as "The theatre thrice clapped you then"; or mistranslations such as *quota* (3. 19) "at what rent"; or perversions of English such as "and the threshold seems to hug the door," where "door" is the nominative; or omissions such as the total omission of *splendide mendax* in 3. 11; or such uglinesses as "Scyth," "Th' amphor's seal," "flung'st," "the perjured punk," and "substructions" which "o'erspread . . . the Adrian bed." And yet, though Mr. Gladstone "o'erbold to do and dare" forbids criticism

> "to lay
> The bolts that speak its wrath away,"

none the less the heart of every scholar will leap out to this book. Linking as it does the Eton lad of fourteen to the veteran statesman of eighty-four, it is the memorial of a devotion which neither time nor circumstance can conquer. It is the great tribute of a great man to that love of good letters and sound learning which wisdom—*dissidens plebi*—ranks among the highest and purest of human pleasures.

T. E. PAGE.

ALBERT MOORE.*

To all interested in modern art this sumptuous quarto will appeal as "the book of the season." The illustrations are many, and, so far as the ten photogravures are concerned, leave nothing to be desired. The seventy odd half-tone blocks are (as is the habit of their class) not quite uniformly perfect; but when they are good they are very good indeed, and when they are bad they are by no means horrid. Hardly a single picture of even secondary importance is unrepresented, and a very well-selected series of studies of drapery and the figure, cartoons for various decorative purposes, two autograph poems by Albert Moore reproduced in facsimile, and portraits from photographs at various periods of his career complete the pictorial side of the monograph.

Coming to the text, we find the story of an uneventful life admirably recounted. Mr. Baldry, who was for some years a pupil of his hero, has obviously obtained access to all necessary information concerning the artist, and as much concerning the individual as his purpose requires. He elects to present Albert Moore as a painter with a purpose, and sees in him "a decorator of the first rank," coupling this

* 'Albert Moore: His Life and Works.' By Alfred Lys Baldry. Illustrated. (London: George Bell and Sons.) 63s.

opinion with a statement of his own that "the ultimate aim and object of all that deals with either form or colour is to decorate; and the measure of artistic achievement is that of decorative perfection."

This declaration is likely to provoke controversy. Yet, even if one differed from Mr. Baldry when he suddenly throws down the gauntlet and adopts a defensive attitude, one would end very probably in agreeing with him upon the question at issue as a whole, even if one did not endorse his view in every particular. For if the title "decorator" is held to include the makers of the Parthenon, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rubens, and Velasquez, it is, evidently, a very catholic description. In most cases one would question the wisdom of prefacing a biographical monograph by a manifesto; here, however, it is absolutely essential to the right consideration of the subject, for should you be inclined to place decorative art as secondary to pictorial, and refuse to allow the great masters cited above to be ranked as decorators, it follows that Albert Moore must needs be looked upon as an artist who deliberately preferred a secondary place, and that whatever his achievements they would have to be placed (from the limits he himself adopted) among the masterpieces of bric-à-brac—not even in the outside courts of the finest arts.

It is tempting here to break off a dispassionate consideration of the book itself, and plunge into the great question of "decorative *v.* realistic" art, a question that, under other names, is continually being raised in music, literature, and the drama. But apart from the columns of THE BOOKMAN being not quite the right arena for such a fight, when one chances to agree, on the whole, with the argument Mr. Baldry advances, it is unnecessary to attempt to add to his well-poised statements. Indeed, he has stated his case so admirably that one might injure it by comment, but could hardly hope to better it.

Those interested in tracing the hereditary influences which resulted in two brothers of one family taking so notable a place on the scroll of English masters will be pleased to find that both their parents sprang from families of artists. A decided bent towards art manifested itself in Albert Moore's case at a very early age. If we do not quite agree with the family legend, that as a mere baby his ecstatic passion for flowers betrayed the future painter, yet, when we discover that he was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy before he reached the age of sixteen, it is clear enough that his predilection was unmistakable from very early years.

Step by step Mr. Baldry follows his progress, so that he is able, while so doing, to keep you steadily interested in a very smooth and unexciting series of domestic and professional incidents, which speaks much for his skill in handling the subject. What does surprise one is, that from the first the peculiarities of treatment he adopted were not merely recognised as innovations at once original, and prompted by a keen sense of beauty, but that this appreciation came from critics of widely diverging schools, despite his position as an "outsider."

The story of Albert Moore's exclusion from the ranks of the Royal Academy is told frankly, and with no particular deference to the feelings of Burlington House; but it is also kept entirely within the limits of good taste, and may be instanced as another example of Mr. Baldry's tact in dealing with delicate questions. The artist is championed with vigour, the official body is severely scolded, yet no personal feelings are hurt on either side.

Here it would be out of place to dwell on the technical methods Albert Moore employed, described at some length by the author in a chapter which will be read with peculiar interest by his fellow-painters. That Albert Moore employed the camera as a useful ally is openly acknowledged—so openly that it may be welcomed by those who believe that the chief danger of photographic assistance lies in the concealment of the fact. For the help is often, after all, a question of convenience and saving of time, and in no way a substitute for the eye of the artist in any respect.

It is somewhat astonishing to find that the works here reproduced suffer so little from the absence of colour. Their reproduction here will certainly do nothing to lower the estimation of one whom Mr. Whistler called "the greatest artist that, in the century, England might have cared for and called her own," and the doubt whether, despite his acknowledged genius, the material available was sufficient for a somewhat lengthy monograph is at once set at rest; for none of the many biographical and critical studies of "Men of the Time," which appear so frequently to-day, show better reason for their existence than does this, the latest addition to the series which began with Mr. Malcom Bell's 'Sir Edward Burn-Jones,' and is, it is rumoured, destined to include monographs of several other contemporary English painters of the first rank.

GLEESON WHITE.

(Illustration on page 1 of Supplement.)

MR. SWINBURNE'S LATEST ESSAYS.*

A book of Mr. Swinburne's poetry and a book of his prose we open with a different kind of expectation. Past experience tells us that each succeeding volume of verse, whether it happen to have much good matter in it or not, will inevitably have unsurpassable melody and rhythm, an enjoyment for the ear and the voice such as no other poet to-day can provide; and, likewise, that every volume of prose, though in all probability it will contain something to remember long and be a new starting point for thought, will need on every page forgiveness and the recollection that, for all his fluency, he is not speaking in his own native tongue. Mr. Swinburne is a prose-writer with a very distinctive style. But in his prose there is not a trace of the peculiar subtlety of his verse. The law which of late years he has been bent to so submissively in theory, regulates and restrains it not at all; he is continually saying more than he means. This provides food for reflection on the moralising effects of a perfectly mastered instrument of expression. Interest he always contrives to give to his writing. Of the eighteen papers in this volume there is but one that cannot be read with an enjoyment now and again reaching delight. Only, for lack of discipline and modulation, he fails to command constant attention. His prose speech, whether in praise or blame, is in too loud a key to find patient listeners.

The real contributions to criticism here are the essays—there are eight of them—on The Posthumous Works of Victor Hugo, and that on Beaumont and Fletcher. Perhaps the appreciation of Wilkie Collins should be added to these. The essay on Herrick, which served also to introduce that poet in The Muse's Library Edition, and the one on Webster, are casual and slight. The Recollections of Professor Jowett, and the paper on Sir Walter Scott's Journal are, in the main, very pleasant talks on themes that have good opportunities for pleasantness about them. The review of Mr. Locker-Lampson's 'Lyra Elegantiarum,' which appears under the title of 'Social Verse,' is an interesting revelation of the writer's taste in minor poetical literature, and a suggestive lesson to reviewers as to the practical help they might render to those whom they criticise, were they only competent. One thing—'Tennyson or Darwin?'—is monstrously below any save an undergraduate's pen; its inclusion here means an absence of the power of self-criticism almost inconceivable.

The Hugo essays are real contributions to criticism inasmuch as Mr. Swinburne's lasting loyalty to the poet, whom he considers the greatest of the century, is put to continual tests. The critic's enthusiastic rhetoric can never be misleading, wrapped round as it is the samples of what has bred it. And so sympathetic and competent a guide is he that he will carry all along with him while they read, and kindle again the old love of the many to whose youth Hugo was the brightest and best of all inspirations, shake off the mist that has gathered about his name for a time, at least such of it as is due to this generation's forgetfulness and ingratitude, and not to his own reams of vague rhetoric. There is no criticism so good as, though there is much more ambitious than, that which points with taste and insight to the beauties and perfections of a writer. In so prolific and so unequal a poet as Hugo this method is not superfluous. If all the posthumous volumes of his works are on our shelves, we are still the richer for Mr. Swinburne's guideship.

In the Beaumont and Fletcher essay the interesting

* 'Studies in Prose and Poetry.' By Algernon Charles Swinburne 9s. (Chatto and Windus.)

feature may be set down to the exaggeration of a fancy. I prefer to think it rather a proof of this critic's rare insight into things and persons with whom he has a full measure of sympathy. Of his attempted separate allotment of shares in the famous partnership, and his appreciation of the different character and genius of each, the key-note is to be found in this little extract: "To Beaumont his stars had given as birthright the gifts of tragic pathos and passion, of tender power and broad strong humour; to Fletcher had been allotted a more fiery and fruitful force of invention, a more aërial ease and swiftness of action, a more various readiness and fitness of bright exuberant speech." Though he has more daringly than any sought to disentangle what was woven so dexterously together, we feel he has given us a light whereby we may henceforward more profitably regard the wondrous web.

One fact concerning these studies it is impossible to ignore. It has to be expressed with infinite regret by anyone who reads them with the care they deserve, and who remembers on what heights the writer can dwell. Mr. Swinburne's abuse of what displeases him is not merely noisy and exaggerated. No sincerity of indignation can palliate the fact that the central quality of his abuse is vulgarity. One need not stop to cite examples. It is pleasanter and more profitable to dwell on that fine and rare temper which is so frequent with him—the temper of appreciation for what he conceives lovely and of good report. You may disagree with every literary judgment in the volume, but you cannot but glow in sympathy with his fiery absolute conviction that literature is poorly served by trifles or petty elegancies, and only fitly by the largest efforts, the loftiest dreams of humankind. The burning, unenvious enjoyment of youth has never left him. There is one passage in this book which it is good to remember and rejoice in, though one would not include it in a selection of perfect English prose. Here it is: "The reader may remember, though he may be unable to count or conjecture, how often he has chanted, or shouted, or otherwise declaimed it to himself, on horseback at full gallop, or when swimming at his best, as a boy in holiday time; how often the matchless pathos of it has reduced his own ambition to a sort of rapturous and adoring despair; then, supposing him not to be a cur, the sense of its unequalled and unapproachable beauty has requickened his old delight in it with a new delight, in the sense that he will always have this to rejoice in, to adore, and to recognise as something beyond reach of man; that, whatever he may achieve, he can never feel bereft of a superior, a master, a poet beyond all thought of emulation; that for any one born in this century who dreams of being a lyrist or a dramatist, there is always Victor Hugo, living or dead, to look up to and bow down to." And no one will ask doubtfully, Did ever human lyric deserve such outburst of enthusiasm? who remembers the incomparable "Gastibelza, l'homme à la carabine." M.

HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND PROTECTORATE.*

The more there is of the philosopher in a historian the more difficult it is for him to stop. No matter what his subject, start where he will, there is for him but one impassable barrier to his continuous record of cause and effect, namely the present moment, beyond which he can only venture as a prophet, not as a historian. Pause where he may, he must leave his subject unfinished. Mr. Gardiner stops only to take breath. First came his volumes on James I. To this Charles I. was a necessary sequel. Then his Civil War volumes were inevitable, and now he is starting afresh with the Commonwealth. He now flatters himself that the Restoration will mark the close of his design. We all know him too well for that. If life and strength be still prolonged he will then look longingly forward to the Revolution of 1688 which sealed the doom of Absolution; nay, why not further, till 1832 itself? At present we must regard the Puritan Revolution as his central subject, preceded by an elaborate study of its causes, and followed by an account of its immediate results. But as his method is not the dramatic one, we ought to hope that he, or at least some such worthy successor as Mr. Firth, may continue the work on the same plan, that it may remain as the one great standard History of Sixteenth Century England. The colossal scale of the undertaking alone silences criticism. You cannot open this large volume without thinking of the many which have gone before, without feeling that as reader you are taking a small part in a great thing. The impression is one of restfulness, security, and a certain self-approbation. To read but a single chapter seems somehow akin to crossing the Channel in the *Calais-Douvres* instead of in a cock-boat.

As to Mr. Gardiner's merits, very little that is new can be said without impertinence. His methods are his own, and they are what they have been from the first. It is fifteen years ago that I remember being struck by his answer to some question of mine that "he had not yet got so far." He seems to have remained true to his singular, yet most original, system of making himself a sort of living, contemporary spectator of the events by working through the authorities in their true order, and writing down his inferences as he goes on, refusing to stray ahead lest he should be biassed by those results and developments which were hidden from the eyes of contemporaries. Something is to be said against this method on the score of unity and just proportion—events and considerations which seemed important to contemporaries often turn out to have been of small moment—but beyond doubt the method is the only fair and philosophical one for estimating the moral responsibility of individuals and nations. And it is this method of his which enables us without always coinciding in his views and conclusions, to form a juster estimate than has hitherto been in our power of the great personages of the epoch. Of Charles we have now taken, not unwillingly, a last view. Although he has disappointed and irritated us; he might have been such a success and was such a failure—of all specimens of royalty surely the most exasperating. Cromwell remains as the foremost object of our curiosity—a man whose secret has never yet been divined. Here, in 1650, his character is maturing; hitherto we have seen it developing by contact with the world of hard fact. How long was the religious phase genuine? When did it become mannerism, when mere expediency? When were conventional principles supplanted by that self-invented, self-imposed private moral code which all great adventurers arrogate to themselves? These points I will not here determine, but wait till he fades out of Mr. Gardiner's narrative. Enough that I am curious to know whether the historian will conclude that the Lord Protector died a concealed deist, or even atheist. And this mainly because Carlyle—something of a Cromwell himself—seems to have probed that inscrutable character most profoundly, and insists to the last on its religious basis. But Carlyle is not to be trusted. Remembering how he concealed his own change of convictions, revealing them only with a revulsion of cynicism after his death, I think it possible that he may have been convinced of a similar development on the part of his hero, but was unwilling to admit that the hero any more than his worshipper had ended by abandoning the Carlylean doctrine. Cromwell was intensely English—English of the eighteenth rather than the sixteenth century type, at least by nature. His strong points were solid understanding, consistency to aims and principles which he did not always avow, want of imagination, and that freedom from petty interests which is too often called unscrupulousness. Such a man will always prove more than a match for a crowned Rizzio—at least, in England where there is no scope for Italian intrigue, dagger, and poison. In this volume Mr. Gardiner follows him as he is slowly gathering into his hands all the threads of government, and doing his best to organise the chaos which he had helped to create. Bold, yet cautious, steady and practical he was—but so was Napoleon, and many another usurper. What is peculiar to Cromwell is his leisurely, apparently half-hearted pursuit of his ambition. He does not press on with feverish and strenuous haste to his goal; every action, however small, is not a step onward. Often, in this volume, we find him acquiescing in obstacles to his path, often after deliberation inclining against his own interests. Was this dissimulation? I think not. Doubtless he saw clearly enough the prize that lay within his grasp. But I fancy that by this time he

* 'History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate.' By S. R. Gardiner. Vol. I. (Longmans.)

had seen enough of the world to be haunted by the doubt whether it was a prize at all. It turned out to be a burden grievous to bear. Did he not foresee this? May he not have fallen into that not uncommon dual consciousness, where the Inner Self becomes a passive spectator not only of the world but of his own play of will and action, and firmly refuses to dwell upon the perplexing future? It is thus that a man acts from day to day no doubt with an unconscious but consistent reference to some future aim, but with that sense of irresponsibility which lends force and precision to the daily task. Did he mean to be supreme? Did he even wish to be? At times perhaps—at others he shrank from the future. So, at least, I read him. Certain it is that had he left his Confessions behind him, we can conceive no book so rich in moral instruction, no revelation of human nature so profoundly interesting.

In dealing with a book like this, whose exhaustive details concern but the three years 1650, 1651, and 1652, one is forced to record the reflections it has aroused rather than attempt to analyse its contents. The facts we can only presume are all correct; if Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Firth vouch for them, who can venture to gainsay them? To expatiate independently upon the facts looks like giving extracts from a supposed rival history of one's own; besides, which facts should one choose? Probably it would not be the military history, or the Irish affairs, or the vexed question of the massacres, but rather the gradual development under Cromwell's care of order out of the dismal chaos of fanaticism, ignorance, and misrule—in fact, the Constitutional History in its truest sense. This is most carefully and exhaustively treated; its didactic value to us in the present posture of political affairs is enormous; most of us are deplorably ignorant of this transition period. Unable here to touch upon these facts, I may at least recommend them for attentive perusal.

One other point. Some call Mr. Gardiner's work dry. What do they mean? No one ever said that Mr. Froude was dry. Does dry only mean veracious? All history, if full and truthful, must be dry; so is biography. Write a full account of your own doings for a year—of course I do not mean every trifle, but every important and noteworthy circumstance—and it would be dry as dust. But, of course, you would never do it. You would only write down the plums—the exciting incidents, the domestic tragedies, the pleasant excursions, and the good stories, and you would colour them all up with a little judicious exaggeration. And so you might deceive me into exclaiming with a sigh, "Ah, what a grand, free, full, exciting life this City clerk (or prison-warder, or Plymouth Brother, as the case may be) seems to have led!" Well, this is Mr. Froude's method. It is Literature—a noble and lovely thing, but it is not pure History, though Froude was a great historian in spite of it. If your histories must be novels and dramas in disguise, Mr. Gardiner's pages will seem as dry as is the life of men and nations. But if you really care about the truth of facts, if you simply want to *know* and feel competent to do the inferences and reflections for yourself, fear no fatigue, no lapse attention as you open these weighty tomes. If you turn from them in weariness it is because the history of your country and the course of human affairs has no attraction for you.

Mr. Gardiner's reflections—they are not numerous or intrusive—I do not always value highly. Nor can I allow that he is free from bias, though that bias may be more often suspected than proved, and though he has always tried to preserve, and on the whole has succeeded in preserving, a strictly impartial attitude. Yet at an hour when we are paying a tardy homage to that majestic sage whose brilliant pages have illustrated our language and our nation, I cannot but think that we are apt to underestimate the achievements of our own age. Were Gibbon with us to-day, Mr. Gardiner's monumental work would surely elicit a tribute as generous as those he offered to Robertson and Hume. To compare Mr. Gardiner with him would be fruitless; their powers, their bent, their methods were utterly diverse; each would have failed had they exchanged subjects. But one feature they have in common. In our own generation I find but one parallel to that peculiar felicity which stamps the fame of Gibbon, that his whole life and labour was embodied and enshrined in a single work of colossal difficulty of capital importance, and of abiding authority. It has been a pleasure to me to find that Mr. Frederick Harrison has vindicated the estimate of Gibbon's beautiful character which I had long held in opposition to the accepted view. That estimate has ever given an added charm to his pages. Round Mr. Gardiner's great History, as round the *Decline and Fall*, there seems to float a halo of sanctification. Though here there is no shimmer of wit, no flash of intuition, no steady blaze of philosophic thought, we are conscious of the soft benignant aureole of unwearying labour and perfect sacrifice. If both cease to be read neither will be forgotten. Perchance in the coming days of sordid aims and petty achievements, the last of the philosophers will gaze with reverent envy at the dusty shelf on which are marshalled the volumes of Mr. Gardiner's life-work. The thrice-told tale of kings and Parliaments may have lost all interest for him and for the world, but he will recall with the blush of conscious degeneracy and the secret pride of human kinship, the story of ambitious effort, of indomitable perseverance and triumphant achievement which these volumes embody; nay, more—for if it be in bad taste, nevertheless it shall be written—the simplicity of heart, the singleness of purpose, the unworldiness, the love of truth, and the self-sacrifice which alone made them possible. "And yet," he will murmur, "men called these things dry!"

Y. Y.

MR. LIONEL JOHNSON ON THE ART OF THOMAS HARDY.

Mr. Johnson has dared much adverse criticism by undertaking in so serious a spirit the review of a novelist now in the fulness of his powers. There may be excellent reasons why nothing more elaborate than a magazine article should be written on a living writer. But there are also justifications for a book like his. It is the expression of a gratitude whose extent may be measured by the labour and seriousness which have gone to the making of the book; and it is one more attempt to give fiction, even the fiction of one's own day, its right place. General humanity, being mostly right in its impulses, holds the importance of fiction to be only second to the conduct of life itself. Being mostly wrong in its translation of these impulses, it reads and writes silly novels; and the proportion of poor fiction being naturally greater than the production of ill-digested science or ill-informed archæology, the whole art is apt to be looked on by the solemner, if not the more serious part of mankind, as something that can be neglected till the hours of exhaustion crave it for a relief, when, the more it defies the knowledge and experience they have gained in their working hours, the better they like it. From this contemptuous patronage, as likewise from a fear of the hostile opinion of the day after to-morrow, Mr. Johnson stands honourably apart. Deeply imbued with love and reverence for the older literature, he has brought Mr. Hardy boldly into the company of the best in times ancient and modern. Few could stand such fierce light flashed on them. If the test be too severe, it is one that will guide us to the discovery of final, lasting qualities, if such there be. And there are some things in Mr. Hardy which no glorious contact can make altogether dark, his lofty joy in nature, and his power of pictorially expressing it, his intellectual sincerity, and his fearless reading of the human heart by his own experience—such reading, be the experience limited or great, being the only one of any value at all.

I think Mr. Johnson's plan has its disadvantages. In attempting to place Mr. Hardy in the universe of literature, so to speak, we are not quite clearly shown his position in the little portion of it in which we are familiarly interested. And his comparative method, though an interesting one, has now and again led him astray by references and allusions which prove sometimes wandering fires rather than fixed lamps. To give an instance: "Sir Thomas Browne," says Mr. Johnson, "with a far greater command of imagination, had no greater sense of human mutability, and of immitigable death, than has Mr. Hardy, in whom the place of Browne's ardent faith is taken by a volcanic spirit of protest and of pity, breaking out through the steady darkness." I do not think a general comparison between the

* 'The Art of Thomas Hardy.' By Lionel Johnson. (John Lane.)

two men altogether irrelevant. There is an occasional austerity, an occasional fine sonorousness in the words of the later which, if it does not recall, is not out of tune with those of the earlier; but there is question here of a quality of which their several manifestations cannot profitably be compared at all. The entrance of Mr. Hardy into Browne's field is occasional. Browne never gave any proof of constructive imagination. Plato and Hogarth would have as frequent points of contact. Probably, however, Mr. Johnson does not mean "imagination," but "spiritual imagery." What one might be inclined to point out as defects in his book are mainly due to an interesting excess of consistency between his point of view and his literary methods. His reverence for authority is one with his respect for scholarship, with his fear of ill-considered crude words and thoughts that have not stood the test of time, and received the sanction of great names. His constant appeal to learning I have not learning enough to carp at, and if it merit adverse criticism I would rather leave such to one to whom Mr. Johnson frequently owns allegiance, and who has something to say on the effect of a "resolved prostration" before authorities, literary and otherwise.

When critic and criticised hold views of life fundamentally opposed, the criticism is either useless or has an altogether special interest, the latter under a certain condition, namely, that the natural flow of admiration and sympathy on non-controversial topics be not impeded by differences of opinion. Commonplace though this be, it has rarely a chance of proof, for human passions, prejudices, and effects of temperament are not a whit less dominant and disturbing in literary matters than they are in religious and political struggles. Mr. Johnson admirably fulfils the condition, and presents to us the unusual case of a lover of authority, the possessor of a mind willingly obedient, examining in fair and friendly fashion the point of view of one who is a perpetual questioner of the validity of laws, whose work deals largely, and as if by preference, with the exceptions that defeat the little social ordinances, and with the rebels that defy or bruise themselves against the great ones. Yet Mr. Johnson is a sturdy opponent. He shows the life and strength in his own side, holds that the justice of Mr. Hardy's arraignment of human circumstance is not proven, and that art follows peace, not revolt. His text for a vigorous examination of the arraignment is naturally 'Tess,' where it appears, not merely by implication, but is stated again and again in bursts of what this critic avers to be "meditative grandeur," but incoherent as a case against the immortals. He has laid his hand on one weak spot at least. "What is this 'Nature?' of which, or of whom Mr. Hardy speaks? Is it a conscious Power, or a convenient name for the whole mass of physical facts? . . . . Mr. Hardy juggles with Nature; now she is cruel, which is a reproach to divine justice; now she is kindly, whereas Society is harsh." A superficial explanation has satisfied many, who, personifying Nature, imagine her in varying moods, now ignoring the puniness and careless of the pain of humankind, and again reconciling man to the world by her suggestions of conditions of life in which he can most healthily live. But this is a mere shirking of the difficulty. The confusion may lie in the nomenclature, but more likely it lies deeper, and Mr. Johnson is right in asking it to be cleared up by those who one moment gird at "Nature red in tooth and claw," and the next appeal in her name for mercy against the harder social laws. But has not Mr. Johnson landed himself in some confusion in connection with this very matter when he says "The misfortune of Tess . . . was in conformity with Nature, as a simple physical occurrence," and then proceeds to carry on Mr. Hardy's defensive argument from that point almost as an *argumentum ad absurdum?* This is juggling with Nature of a different kind. Nature includes human nature, and a simple physical occurrence need not be natural if it happen in defiance of the doer's will and instinct. The defence of Tess's recuperative powers means merely that she had not willingly sinned, and that her pain of conscience was a pain manufactured by society for the punishment of an offence like hers in kind but committed guiltily. Mr. Johnson thinks that this expounder of human nature has gone away from the sanest code of human discipline and well-being embodied in many creeds, but emphatically in the Catholic doctrine of sin, punishment, free-will, and fate, which he expounds as follows: "That no man is compelled to sin; that sin is the act of a bad will; that punishment is the correlative of sin; that suffering is discipline; that no inherited tendency to sin is too strong for a good will." The answer to this is not, I think, in the denial of any one statement, but in the fact that Mr. Hardy speaks to the naked individual conscience. Every creed like the above is first made with an eye to the general. Into its formulation there must enter an element of caution, lest the acknowledgment of complexity of circumstances should give encouragement to the weak to shirk belief and obedience. The individualist in this matter would examine each item of each moral code by the light of experience and reason—a plan, of course, only for exceptional persons, and signifying a liberty which could never be expressly allowed in a body of doctrine or discipline that should have any extensive authority. But if I cannot always agree with Mr. Johnson, I may still bear witness to the sincerity, the impressiveness, and the admirable temper of this part of his book. His opinions will be echoed by many who will rejoice to have their point of view so vigorously expressed. I have dwelt perhaps too long on a question which does not concern "The Art of Thomas Hardy." But whether a critic be right or not in discussing an artist's philosophy apart from its result in his art, it would be unjust of the critic's critic to ignore a discussion into which such good work has been put.

There is not one of Mr. Hardy's characteristics but has been touched on with insight and generous appreciation. Mr. Johnson has been inevitably attracted to the finer elements; and his guidance to the grander passages in Mr. Hardy's writing is just what was wanted to convince the many readers who see very clearly and intelligently once they are bidden turn their eyes in a particular direction. He has given happy expression to both obvious and remoter truths about Mr. Hardy's aims and successes. I would quote at length had I not already used my space, perhaps less usefully. Two entirely unconnected sentences may prove that he can say well what is in his mind. The first has reference to the effect of certain local limitations that Mr. Hardy has placed on himself: "That art, which meditates at home, and whose longest travels are of the mind, is the conquering art." And this, "His novels are not written for a purpose, to prove the truth of something, but with the prejudice that it is a proven truth," is a shrewd observation, and exactly reflects the conviction, even the masterfulness, with which Mr. Hardy expresses his point of view.

Mr. Strang's fine etching, Mr. Lane's useful bibliography, the reprint of Mr. Hardy's essay on Barnes, and of his ballad 'The Fire at Tranter Sweatley's'—restored after an eccentric bowdlerisation to its original vigour—give the volume further claims on a reader's attention. Mr. Johnson has provided these with a fitting opportunity of publication by possessing the courage of his gratitude and admiration.

ANNIE MACDONELL.

THOMAS HARDY.*

Miss Macdonell is to be congratulated; she has excellently performed a task, of which the present writer is in a position to know well the difficulties. She has shown that the works of an eminent living writer can be discussed in set form, without idle eulogy, or impatient prophecy, or offensive censure, or unscholarly and ludicrous disproportion of any sort. Some readers, perhaps over anxious, if that be possible, to respect the rights of every living man to a certain privacy, may regret the few biographical facts here given, and the attention paid to the actual scenes and local origins of the Wessex stories: but they can find nothing set down except with perfect delicacy and discretion. Readers of future generations, interested in knowing what his contemporaries thought of Mr. Hardy, will find in Miss Macdonell's essays a lucid, vigorous, and graceful appreciation; abundantly critical, yet with no absurd airs of scientific exactitude. She is not afraid to treat contemporary litera-

* 'Thomas Hardy.' By Annie Macdonell. Contemporary Writers Series. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

ture with a serious and a generous enthusiasm; she does not isolate it, as a thing disconnected from the past. In an age when a living love of great literature, however ancient, is thought old-fashioned, and a decent acquaintance with it is called "learning," it is doubtless rash to consider Mr. Hardy's work, except in relation to the fashions and affectations of to-day. For detecting Shakespearian elements in it, Miss Macdonell will certainly be accused of calling Mr. Hardy a second Shakespeare; for bestowing careful study upon his ways of work, she will be charged with setting a preposterous value upon them. None the less, her book is worth a wilderness of personal impertinences, easy epigrams, smart paragraphs, and hysterical chatterings, such as pass for telling criticism just now. She has pondered her theme, and the result is thought.

To the present writer, the least acceptable essay is that upon Mr. Hardy as a "storywright;" not, perhaps, a very pleasing word. Miss Macdonell does full justice to the admirable art of his short stories, and to the haunting perfection of certain scenes in the long; but she seems to find less excellence in the "integral structure" of these last. "Plot," in the vulgar understanding of the term, is indeed not the main concern of Mr. Hardy, whose mechanism is apt to be forced and stiff in its workings; but in the tragic completeness, the dramatic nicety, with which the two or three greater novels are conducted to their appointed ends, through spiritual conflict and the play of natural forces, Mr. Hardy is surely a triumphant master of design. It is this tenacity of artistic purpose that makes his humour so excellently grim, so sombre in its very playfulness and merriment; there is no fooling in him, though plenty of things fantastic. Strange, that in the land of Shakespeare, Fielding, Lamb, humour should still be popularly regarded as unintellectual, and as necessarily gay! Indeed, so much does a keen and humorous melancholy prevail in Mr. Hardy's books, that Miss Macdonell does well to lay stress upon the really light and blithe aspects of life in them; and even to attempt a defence of certain discomfortable qualities, which a severer judgment might not forgive. Still, it is upon the intellectual and the poetical distinction of Mr. Hardy's art that she rightly and naturally dwells most. All her exposition of the Wessex countryside characteristics, of that "Shakespearian" peasantry, of Mr. Hardy's local and conservative patriotism, is in the happiest and truest vein. And no "aves vehement" of popular applause have prevented her from discerning the undue argumentativeness and even petulance of 'Tess'; its clear inferiority, for all its merits, to the 'Return of the Native,' that astonishing masterpiece of austere beauty: the occasional rigidity of style in Mr. Hardy's writing is duly noted, no less than the stately magnificence of which he is a frequent master. Upon all these matters, the present writer is in essential agreement with Miss Macdonell; though no two minds ever yet thought precisely alike, even when in agreement.

If a writer writes a work of art, full of power and charm, upon the assumption that the earth is flat, and that two and two make five, can and should a critic, since he is criticising a work of art, hold his peace about those assumptions? If the writer be merely whimsical, fantastic, extravagant, *yes;* but if he be the champion and defender of his assumptions, surely *no*. And thus, readers who reject and deny the truth of the psychology and the morality in 'Tess,' are really treating the book with a complimentary seriousness, when they regard it as a work of art, spoiled and vitiated by fundamental falsehood. Just so, much of Pope and Chesterfield is substantially valueless, because they insisted upon the false doctrine of "the ruling passion": style, grace, artistic excellence, alone preserve such portions of their work. Miss Macdonell, though an able advocate for 'Tess' in these particulars, at least has no scorn for its impugners; she is not one of the critics superbly superior to such considerations. She insists upon the "passion" of Mr. Hardy's work, his sense of the battling and the tears, the splendours and the joys, in human life; a sense which rarely betrays him into anything grandiose, anything antithetical to excess, anything forced and blatant. The strangeness of life, its comedy and its romance, are prominent in his pages; he has his vision, and vision is the monopoly of positive genius. In Miss Macdonell's study, all the chief elements in the work of this weighty and delightful writer are finely and discreetly distinguished; and she writes of them in phrases often felicitously and choicely good. Since the private affairs of living writers seem to be the property of the newspapers, and the interviewer clings to them like a leech, it is surely good to have their public works considered with a grateful, a dignified, and a scholarly concern. There need be no silly adulation, and haste to anticipate time's verdict; no fussy and illiterate applauding of what Mr. Lang calls, "The Genius of Prodgers"; but rather, what Miss Macdonell here gives us, a careful and courteous consideration of those unquestioned virtues, which exalt some living writers in the eyes of their own age. Ah, how splenetic in its carping wit is to-day! How ill it compares with the liberal days, when scarce a book came forth, but friends, or admiring critics, or reverent students, or approved masters, prefaced it with commendatory verse; often, of course, absurd, but generous and kindly in intention, harmless and undeluding in effect.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

A HISTORY OF BOOKBINDING.*

Mr. Brassington modestly calls himself editor of this book, but as a matter of fact, in its present form, it is practically his own work. Yet it is a point of interest as well as of gratitude not to ignore the treatise on which it is based, John Hannett's 'Inquiry into the Nature and Form

From 'A History of Bookbinding.' (E. S tock.)

of the Books of the Ancients, with a History of Bookbinding from the Times of Greeks and Romans to the Present Day,' published in 1837. The treatise is out of date now, but was written on an excellent plan, which Mr. Brassington has adhered to. Of late years a great amount of research has gone into the history of the subject, and into the biography of the binders, simultaneously with a revival of the art itself. Exhibitions have been held, and photographs are now easily procurable of famous foreign collections. The material for the compilation of such a book as the present is enormous, but much of it is scattered widely in periodicals and catalogues. Mr. Brassington has been a laborious searcher, a successful finder, and a systematic arranger of the information he has gathered. There is no

* 'A History of the Art of Bookbinding,' with some account of the Book of the Ancients. Edited by W. Salt Brassington. £2 2s. (Elliot Stock.)

padding at all. It is close packed with facts, is meant to be used by students and all books-lovers in earnest, as a reference book; and a good index makes this feasible. The one section we think rather unsatisfactory is that devoted to quite modern bindings, and perhaps it is with the choice of example rather than with the information as to methods and aims, or with the criticism, that dissatisfaction is felt. It is ever so; present day things always rouse differences. The very mention of them calls up a hypercritical, often a carping mood. With respect to the other sections we would specially call attention to the careful, well-selected, briefly-stated in-

From 'A History of Bookbinding.' (E. Stock.)

formation in the two very important chapters relating to embroidered bookbinding and gold-tooling. We have found them most easy of reference, and, tested by ordinary demands on them, very complete. But indeed, in every section we have found full information and business-like arrangement

Of course, the text is by no means everything in a book of this kind. There are ten large coloured plates and an enormous number of illustrations in the text. For nearly every one, as regards both selection and reproduction, there can only be praise. We give as examples, Queen Elizabeth's Bible, presented to her in 1584, now in the Bodleian, and her Manual of Prayers, a famous specimen of goldsmith's skill, said to be the work of George Heriot.

AN INTRODUCTION TO COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.*

An 'Introduction to Comparative Psychology' is essential to the completeness of a "Contemporary Science Series," and Mr. Havelock Ellis has been well-advised in committing it to the competent hand of Principal Lloyd Morgan. He is a careful, scientific observer and a cautious reasoner. This appears even in his basal principle, that, "in no case may we interpret an action as the outcome of the exercise of a higher psychical faculty, if it can be interpreted as the outcome of the exercise of one which stands lower in the psychological scale." This principle is rigidly applied throughout with the result that the faculty of reason is denied to animals. Lovers of animals will resent this widening of the chasm between ourselves and the lower creation; but it is difficult on the basis of the experiments reported in this volume to come to any other conclusion than that which Principal Morgan reaches, that "the evidence now before us is not sufficient to justify the hypothesis that any animals have reached that stage of mental evolution at which they are even incipiently rational." At the same time Principal Morgan frankly admits that further experiment is required, and his book will inevitably give a stimulus to more exhaustive investigation. Diagrams of mental processes seem to help some students, and several are given in this volume. On the whole, Principal Morgan's 'Introduction' will prove a safe guide to the student of psychology, and is sure to find its way into colleges as a text-book.

MARCUS DODS.

* 'An Introduction to Comparative Psychology.' By C. Lloyd Morgan, Principal of University College, Bristol. (Walter Scott, Limited.

THE MEANING OF HISTORY.*

All the other essays in Mr. Harrison's book are either illustrations or supplements to the view stated broadly and emphatically in the first, 'The Use of History.' Dealing with subjects so widely different as the thirteenth century, the antiquities of Constantinople, and Paris of to-day, there is yet a unity and consistency about their standpoint which gives the whole book a right to shelter under the title it has chosen. Mr. Harrison has written with far more brilliancy and charm many times before. He has stated his particular point of view more weightily on some occasions I can remember. But he has hitherto given himself no opportunity of maintaining his central position by arguments drawn from so many different sides, and example chosen from so many and diverse sources. It is a book that from its very consistency and clearness of intention will rouse combatants and make converts.

Mr. Harrison is the bringer of history to the thresholds of practical men, of all men, in fact, except specialists. The historical specialist, over whom much educational controversy rages just now, rouses an impatience in him proportionate to the minuteness of his specialism, but research after infinitesimal facts is reproved rather than sneered at. It is significant that the gibes at the "pre-Egberht chronicles" and the "West-Saxon scuffles on the downs" come from the lips of an impetuous undergraduate—though they are meant none the less to convey a rebuke and a warning. It is the wastefulness of such conscientious plodding that fills his mind with regret, rather than a doubt of the strength and capacity of the brains that concern themselves with minutiæ.

Whether his positivism be counted to Mr. Harrison for righteousness or unrighteousness, in general, as an interpreter of history it gives him at once a position of interest. The adherent of no other school with a theory—some schools have methods rather than theories—presents historical study so organically, presents it with so strong an appeal to broad human interests and sympathies. There are pitfalls for the traveller by its path, but the advantages may be looked at first. The sense of continuity in human effort and achievement gives a new life and value to the detached and varied chronicles of the race. The demonstration that we are the "heirs of all the ages," if sometimes ungrateful, oblivious, degenerate heirs, makes us look round about us and behind us with a new dignity. The concentration of the attention on the large things, the outstanding events, the great men of the past, the interest in these as they have served humanity in broad ways, in war, in science, in art, in morals, is a sound basis on which to found historical study. Such a reading of history is feeding to the character and mind. Of course, in practice it may end in something very slipshod and unsatisfactory, in sweeping generalisations, in ingenious but wholly false evolutionary processes. Mr. Harrison is full of warnings against the careless drawing of analogies from different ages and countries, but the vigilance and clearheadedness of one adherent will not keep the system clear of perils. In fact, it needs to be served by not a little of that specialism which concerns itself with minute portions of time, and its conclusions need to be revised continually by the light of specialist research. Let it submit to this. It will have no difficulty in holding the imagination, and finding a response in the general sympathies. It will be the making not merely of scholars but of men.

Mr. Harrison is speaking to practical men, and to youths who will one day have to play the parts of men more frequently in public struggle that in student's cell. It is for such that history has its main uses, he thinks. In the midst of the hopes urging them on, and the despairs crushing them, he would give them a guidance, some rule of the road, to be used not blindly, or literally, of course. The history of human tendencies is full of exceptions of bizarre contradictions, but there is coherency if you but look widely

* 'The Meaning of History, and other Historical Pieces.' By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan.)

and intelligently enough. "What is this unseen power," he asks, "which seems to undo the best human efforts, as if it were some overbearing weight against which no man can long struggle? What is this ever-acting force which seems to revive the dead, to restore what we destroy, to renew forgotten watch-words, exploded fallacies, discredited doctrines, and condemned institutions; against which enthusiasm, intellect, truth, high purpose, and self-devotion seem to bear themselves to death in vain? It is the Past. It is the accumulated wills and works of all mankind around us and before us. It is civilisation. It is that power which to understand is strength, which to repudiate is weakness. Let us not think that there can be any real progress made which is not based on a sound knowledge of the living institutions and the active wants of mankind. If we can only act on nature so far as we know its laws, we can only influence society so far as we understand its elements and ways. Let us not delude ourselves into thinking that new principles of policy or social action can be created by themselves or can reconstruct society about us."

I have spoken of the general consistency of Mr. Harrison's system. Yet underneath is there not some inconsistency too? He would have us treat history as the biography of the race. Good. He also strongly disapproves of the interest shown by many historians and curious students of humanity in the vices and follies of the past, men who commit "towards our spiritual forefathers the same sin which Ham committed against his father Noah." Now to omit the consideration of the follies of mankind is not to treat history as the biography of the race. The biographer who would omit all reference to, or be incurious as to the follies of, his subject, might be respectful, and charitable, and many other good things, but he would not be a perfect biographer. The follies and the abnormalities of mankind are often near neighbours of their virtues, and sometimes quite as instructive. And neither general human history nor particular human biography can be understood by a study of the merely normal, or the exclusively great or noble. Positivists have almost raised to a religious principle their horror of the wastefulness of human effort after the supernatural, the unknowable. The limitations of human vision and reason make such strivings frivolous, they think, in a world where we are ignorant of so much that can be known, and where there is so much to do that is humanly possible. This law of restraint has very likely its pious devotees and saints. But humanity will mock at it all its life, and follow rather the vision of any searcher into the unseen, be he poet or prophet or merely quack. So, in like manner, in defiance of this strong protest against waste, men will continue, and not so unprofitably either, to turn aside at times from the great leaders of the world and "find amusement amidst the very camp-followers and sutlers who hang upon their rear." But the fact is, Mr. Harrison speaks in his own special capacity as a teacher, which he is pre-eminently. And the broad views, the noble ends he sets forth as the purpose of historical study, are undoubtedly the best, the most humanising ones.

MAETERLINCK ON RUYSBROECK AND THE MYSTICS.*

The key to much of Maeterlinck's power as a dramatist and as a literary artist, and the explanation of his occasional impotence, lie in this book. It is no denial of his originality to say so. A mystic by birth, the words of other mystics, unintelligible to the rest of the world, falling on his ears sounded like his own native tongue. He understood their imagery, or some of it, instinctively, echoed their language, adapted it to his imaginative and literary uses, and stimulated by them, evolved similar images, coined similar language from the stuff in his own soul. The other-worldliness that thrills and chills us in Maeterlinck, as if spirit fingers were playing on our heart-strings, or on our nerves, is a distinctly individual quality, but the atmosphere, many-coloured and bewildering and unfamiliar, which produces that expectant, anxious, impressionable mood that gives the quality the chance of working on us effectively, is one that he has not created by himself. We find it in the utterances of all the poetical mystics; and how closely he has kept company with such this book is one clear proof. His own imagination and theirs are anarchist in fact, though not in theory. The laws of their allegiance they would say exist none the less that they are not expressible by ordinary human formulæ. Both combined have intoxicated him many a time, and led him into paths where ordinary intelligence refuses to follow him.

M. Maeterlinck is too much one of themselves to be an altogether satisfactory commentator on or exponent of the mystics. A teacher of mysteries to outsiders should be always something of an outsider himself, and though this guide is aware of and expresses the difficulties of the particular mystic in question, his general attitude towards such difficulties is one of lofty and serene contentment. It is no reproach to them, but their lofty prerogative, that they do not bow to meet human comprehension. In this essay there are passages of great beauty, some that are really enlightening to minds that have kinship with the subject. But as to analysis of the meaning, or exposition and interpretation, in the ordinary sense, there is none. His own language is no easier than Ruysbroeck's. To appreciate its difficulties it should be read in the original French. For all other purposes I would strongly recommend this English version, which is as clear as the subject and M. Maeterlinck will admit of, which is all the more a faithful interpretation that it has, by an intelligent understanding of the whole, given a definiteness and a coherency to many a hazy passage. Miss Stoddart can only have arrived at this highly creditable result after labours which should receive due appreciation.

However great the difficulties that stand in the way of perfect understanding, M. Maeterlinck will have introduced many, reintroduced a few, to very remarkable works. The Flemish thinker and poet of the thirteenth and fourteenth century has much of deep spiritual interest to express—to those who can receive it. Some of his words are written, it must be confessed, for reception and understanding by no minds whose laws we have any conception of. Some of his symbols seem to correspond to no facts, poetic or religious, human or divine. Others are given interpretations which we cannot, with our reason or imagination, accept, because the link between the symbol and that for which it is said to stand, seems purely arbitrary. The "Chapter on fishes," from which extracts are given (pp. 54-59), will serve as example. M. Maeterlinck would have us turn away from Ruysbroeck unless we have "lived in close fellowship with Plato and the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria," but humbler folks will find in him intervals when he breathes at human levels and speaks human speech with rare grace and beauty. Taking away all his dark passages he could never be to devout souls what à Kempis has been. He is more of a poet, far less of a practical councillor. *Relinque curiosa* is not amongst his commandments. He is hardly the intimate friend of daily life. It is interesting to compare them when they treat of similar themes, as in their dissertations of the contemplative life, for instance. Two friends they seem to be when thus compared, often of one mind but of widely differing temperaments. The joy of holiness, the "calm of essential love" are Ruysbroeck's themes in his sweetest moods, and he sings rather than reasons you into belief. "This love is a wave, boundless and calmed, of riches and joys, in which all his saints are swallowed up with God in an unlimited enjoyment. And this joy is wild and lonely like a wandering, for it has neither limit, nor road, nor path, nor rest, nor measure."

* 'Ruysbroeck and the Mystics.' With selections from Ruysbroeck. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Jane T. Stoddart. Devotional Library. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

MR. DAVIDSON'S BALLADS AND SONGS.*

Mr. Davidson can weave into his web breadths of richer magnificence than any other of the younger poets of the day. From this very slender volume one might make extracts that, by themselves, would seem to give him the right to a far higher rank than can yet be assigned to him. For though it be not only an exercise of charity, but of the better kind of criticism also, to judge a man mainly by his best, yet "rank," that commonplace circumstance of men and things,

* 'Ballads and Songs.' By John Davidson. (John Lane.)

finds in that "mainly" opportunity for severe exclusiveness. Mr. Davidson's merits are too distinct, too original, to need the encouragement of flattery. And so the most appreciative reader will express regret for certain inclusions in these 'Ballads and Songs.' They might have been left uncommented on had the volume been bigger; but from such quantity we are wont, reasonably or not, to demand a uniform exquisiteness of quality.

With this preliminary grumble, which has particular reference to 'The New Man,' 'The New Woman,' and a few others, one can conscientiously settle down to express one's enjoyment. He is now and again perfectly right in word and inspiration, but perfectly right or perfectly wrong, and he can be that too, there is not the vestige of a trick about his verse. And with your head full of conflicting theories and opinions concerning the treatment of his subjects, he forces you into admiration. For instance, I cannot help thinking the "Ballad in Blank Verse of the Making of a Poet," would have made a better novel than a poem, but I am more than content to have it as it is when I light on such passages as this—

"A trembling lyre for every wind to sound.
I am a man set by to overhear
The inner harmony, the very tune
Of Nature's heart; to be a thoroughfare
For all the pageantry of Time; to catch
The mutterings of the Spirit of the Hour
And make them known; and of the lowliest
To be the minister."

Then on reading "A Ballad of Heaven," and "A Ballad of Hell," and even the finer "Ballad of a Nun," one regrets an emphasis here, too strong a light there, and feels inclined to give him counsel, till there sounds in one's ears some triumph of suggestive, proportionate, and perfect expression like

"From Eastertide to Eastertide,
For ten long years her patient knees
Engraved the stones—the fittest bride
Of Christ in all the diocese.

* * * *

Sometimes it was a wandering wind,
Sometime the fragrance of the pine,
Sometimes the thought, how others sinned,
That turned her sweet blood into wine."

And as further example of this inimitable if occasional power, take his picture of winter:

"Darkness turned on her pillow white;
A star serenely shone;
Deeply, deeply, into the night
Cut the sword of dawn."

M.

NOVEL NOTES.

MAJESTY. By Louis Couperus. Translated by A. Texeria de Mattos and Ernest Dowson. 6s. (Unwin.)

Events in the East of Europe, some of them recent, the others not of very ancient history, broken reflections of which are to be found in this novel, will give it an immediate interest which readers may be trusted to discover for themselves. To any untempted by this we would call attention to features it possesses of far more interest than the more or less literal story of an Imperial Court. It is not a great novel; it is on the whole a disappointing one, but there is a fine intention running through it, and there are passages of unusual power and some of unusual subtlety. Couperus uses his sensitivist methods a little fitfully here, gives a nervous feeling of expectancy at the beginning which very few writers can produce, then lets the thrill die out disappointingly. This happens over and over again. He acts on our nerves, of course, to let us realise the highly charged atmosphere in which the story moves. The nation is steeped in poverty, and on the brink of revolt; it is ruled by an autocrat, not made for the new times, and will be ruled one day by a shrinking, refined, sensitive soul, too highly strung, too finely made for rough work. A closely interested looker-on at this state of things, the Empress, for instance, lives with fear ever next her heart, and it must be acknowledged she makes us share it, but too spasmodically, and when after an attack, nothing terrible has happened to account for it, we grow uneasy and unresponsive to the writer's touch. The story itself is told with great dignity. The heroism, the magnificent hypocrisies, the helplessness, the pettiness of monarchs, make a moving picture, full of colour and interest. There is nothing mean and tawdry about their story here. Yet it reminds us now and again of another story of kings, but of kings whose glories had departed and to whose chronicler, M. Alphonse Daudet, Mr. Couperus bears no general resemblance. More often still we find ourselves wishing that the chronicler of the exiled kings had written the whole of this story of still mighty emperors. Perhaps it would have had a less optimistic ending; but the drama would have had something swifter and robuster about it. Where Mr. Couperus could not be easily excelled is in his study of the Crown Prince Othomar's character. The physical and mental conditions of a keenly sensitive, timid, fine-tuned nature, are described with marvellous skill. And yet there is nothing morbid about the analysis. Its chief result is to discover in the very midst of the sensitiveness an element of lasting strength, unguessed by its owner, but which time and trials would bring to light. If at various passages of the story you are not at one with its development, on looking back at it you will probably own that its design was more than justified.

A ROMANCE OF DIJON. By M. B. Edwards. (A. and C. Black.)

From more than one point of view this novel merits special attention. In the first place the epoch of the story is new to fiction, so far as we are aware. The French Revolution has been a favourite era of the picturesque novelist, but that deeply interesting, troublous, exciting, unsteady time just before the gathering of the States' General and the taking of the Bastille has been left alone. Miss Betham Edwards' story plays then, and her unusually intimate knowledge of French history, and of the life of the French people, makes itself felt. Public ceremonies, rustic customs, domestic life in hovels and in substantial burgher houses, are described with great vividness. If there be a fault to be found with this part of her book it is that sometimes these scenes have the air of being too detached, and of illustrating rather the history of the time than this particular 'Romance of Dijon.' In tone and motive the story owes little to the inspiration of the present day. There is a fervour of public spirit in it, of belief in the efficacy of public endeavours, an appeal to patriotic as against personal considerations, wholesome and rousing. Even in the socialistic fiction of our day, the only fiction which attempts anything of the kind, there is no such ringing note. Miss Betham-Edwards' story may be dubbed old-fashioned, and now and again in its wording there is something a little grandiose which jars against the simpler, directer taste of the present. But if this be a defect, it is on the surface. The beauty of the romance itself must be acknowledged, though it will disappoint all who claim that the love of man and woman being the sacredest thing in the whole world must be satisfied. The 'Romance of Dijon' is a story of the sacrifice of personal desires, sacrifice of a subtle and difficult kind; but as in Heine's 'Grenadiere,' the last word is of country, and not of self or personal sorrow. We hope it may receive the appreciation it deserves.

MAELCHO. A Sixteenth Century Narrative. By Hon. Emily Lawless. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder.)

Readers of 'Hurrish' and 'Grania' will feel some disappointment with Miss Lawless's latest novel if they consider it merely as a story. Its narrative defects are fully accounted for by the authoress herself, who describes its production as having been of necessity attended with long delays, in the course of which moods and purposes changed. It is quite possible to imagine an intelligent reader sticking in the middle and refusing to finish it. We have found some stiff bits, and say so not for anyone's discouragement but the contrary. For though the story somewhat drags to the end, the power of certain compensatory qualities in the book goes on deepening. In Hugh Gaynard, the hard-headed, clear-purposed, unimaginative Saxon, in Maelcho the *sennachie*, in Fenwick, and in Brother Michael, we take

an interest apart from their various adventures, and yet it is not chiefly because of its studies of character that we set a value on 'Maelcho.' It breathes a sense of beauty, a lofty melancholy; it is the utterance of an idealism which is the fruit of pain and of a capacity for joy. We may flounder in the story; but we can never forget, or think without sympathy of the spirit which the book so powerfully expresses.

ALL THAT WAS POSSIBLE. Being the Record of a Summer in the Life of Mrs. Sibyl Crofts, Comedian. Extracted from her correspondence. By Howard Overing Sturgis. (Osgood.)

The author of 'Tim' has many friends. Weak or strong, 'Tim' was a sympathetic book, the book of a man who would deal gently with human kind, especially with the more fragile, sensitive specimens of it. Just such another is this new story, but the materials and situations are entirely different. 'All That Was Possible' deals very fearlessly with a difficult subject, and though not a great, nor even a remarkable book, there is at least one strong thing about it—the proof it gives that the absence of prudery need abate no jot of refinement. There is so little story in it—there is only a situation, and its, perhaps, natural outcome—that it would be hardly fair to reveal it. It is enough to say that the heroine, whose letters to a friend tell all there is of it, is a woman who has known many difficulties, and has had what is known as a "past." Mr. Sturgis's point of view is that it has not coarsened her, that she remains, or rather grows more and more, a woman of sensitive, aspiring nature. But the past dogs her footsteps, then drags her back, and will not let her come into social line with those who are in no way her moral superiors. It is a pathetic picture. What Mr. Sturgis's intention was, in giving this extract from her life, we cannot pretend to say decisively. But assuredly it was not to cry judgment on the sinner, or triumphantly to show how the doors of respect must inevitably and for ever be shut on her.

THE INDISCRETION OF THE DUCHESS. By Anthony Hope. Arrowsmith's Annual. 1s. (Arrowsmith.)

This delightful annual continues two of Mr. Hope's manners—in at least three he has had success. Its plan admits of his skill in social drama being combined with his skill as a writer of adventure stories. The former calls up more admiration, for though the diamond incidents, with their accompaniment of burglary, violence, and bloodshed, give an agreeable variety of a kind we are wont to look for at this season, the quieter adventures and perils of the Duchess and the hero are as much superior to these as are Mr. Hope's social studies, in our opinion, to 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' in spite of its undeniable charm and merit. Into 'The Indiscretion of the Duchess,' though a distinctly popular story, Mr. Hope has thought it worth while to put excellent workmanship. There is but one drawback to it, it must be read at a sitting.

MR. JERVIS. By B. M. Croker. 3 vols. (Chatto.)

For satire of Anglo-Indian social life we have been rather spoilt. A considerable portion, therefore, of Mr. Croker's story may, not quite justly, suffer by the comparison that will almost inevitably be made between it and Mr. Kipling's pictures of the same kind of life, a life spent mostly, it would appear, in silly social rivalry and back-biting. Mr. Croker's pictures of this society are not masterly, but they are sometimes amusing. The real interest of the book, however, lies in the love-story of Mr. Jervis and Honor, chance visitors to the Indian station. Honor is a brusque, loyal-hearted kind of girl, and we are quite willing to believe in her popularity among her friends; and her lover behaves so well in certain trying circumstances that we rejoice to see him firmly established in the end as heir to his millionaire uncle's fortune, made in pearl barley, and as Honor's husband.

MELTING SNOWS. By Prince Schoenaich-Carolath. Translated by Margaret Symonds. (Nimmo.)

Miss Symonds has found a story by a writer familiar to few English readers, but well worth translating. On the title-page stands the words "Translated into English," and let us gladly acknowledge, they are there by right. The subject of the story is one of eternal interest. It has been treated over and over again in imaginative literature, and, when treated poetically as here, never seems old or worn out. Bent Sörenson, the hero, has led a starved life. Born to poverty and hard work, in a dreary joyless country, with the burdens of life staring him in the face even in his youth, he had no pity for himself, and accepted his lot as a matter of course, despising softness and emotion, and bearing the temptation of the imagination. Suddenly he finds all the solid ground under his feet giving way; a revolution is going on in his soul, and he is far more lost, perhaps in far greater peril, than had he been self-indulgent and luxurious, and therefore, experienced. The sense of poetry, of the riches of life, of the claims of beauty, are wakened in him, not by poems or by nature, but by Giacinta. Giacinta is a sensitive, imaginative girl with a fine voice, the ambition to be a great singer and too frail a body to endure the wear of such a life. She pierces through the rough, hard surface of Sörenson, finds his essential kinship, and returns his love—though every circumstance stands in the way of their union. When Bent first, in great pain, feels his awakening nature, his friend George Versen, a poet, interprets the new life to him. The loveliest buds of the year, are those that vanish in the melting snows, and "when a heart which beats with higher aims and passion is awakened too early by the kiss of the everlasting sun, when the storm of the beautiful has clasped it too soon, then the floods rush in over it, nothing will turn them in their courses—they are revengeful, they follow given laws. And so a dark thread runs through the being of all great earthly loves—it is the thread of separation, the thread of death. And it is not we alone who must drown in the rising flood; but that woman too, whom we have loved so well, will be covered by a dark shadow." It is a prophecy: there is no need to tell the story out. It is worth seeking in the book itself, for it is told with singular beauty and delicacy, and without a grain of false sentiment.

VERNON'S AUNT. By Sara Jeanette Duncan. (Chatto.)

Whether Mrs. Cotes has much or little to say she can always say it amusingly. She has a laugh in her voice as she tells a story that prevents your inquiring too closely at the time if her story be really so funny after all. The tale of Miss Lavinia Moffat, spinster, of Littlehampton, and her adventures, when she went, without invitation, to pay a visit to her nephew in India, has some grotesque situations, and the character of that enterprising but highly respectable lady, equally greedy of experiences and respectful to the proprieties, is cleverly told in her own words. Yet it wants all Mrs. Cotes's light manner to keep us from feeling the strain on her invention. It is the least good of anything she has done—and yet it will amuse.

THE GOOD SHIP "MOHOCK." By W. Clark Russell. 2 vols. (Chatto.)

Mr. Clark Russell's invention does not give out. Piracy is an old theme, but here it is treated with so many variations that one falls to as if it were a novelty. The good ship *Mohock* was an American liner with a villain for a captain. It was appealed to in Mid Atlantic by a boatful of men who called themselves shipwrecked waifs, but who turned into determined and very interesting pirates. The captain, who has been looking out for them, plays his part of hypocritical rascal well enough at least to deceive the passengers, who by-the-bye are an amusing if very foolish company. The end it does not become us to divulge. The story is told by the captain's step-daughter, and all through the two volumes we were breathless with surprise that any novelist could have created so conceited, cold-blooded, obtuse a woman, and shoved her into the part of heroine. We thought we knew a great deal more on the point than Mr. Clark Russell. But a postscript, not in her hand, is added, in which we read concerning the narrator—"She is dead, and of the dead *nil nisi*; it must be affirmed, nevertheless, that a more objectionable old woman never tied a bonnet round her head." More than that, he even throws some doubt on the excellent story she tells. Is that treating himself well, or us?

MAIDS IN A MARKET GARDEN. By Clo Graves. (W. H. Allen.)

"'We will form,' said Lady Jane, 'a private Limited Liability Company of Female Fruit and Flower Gardeners.

There will be shares, six of them, say, at seventy pounds each.' The motion was unanimously carried, 'Let us make one condition—form one resolution—be of one mind upon one subject, though upon others we may amicably agree to differ,' said Octavia Wall. 'My dears, let us keep the insidious man, as well as the destructive wire-worm, out of this Eden we propose to inhabit and cultivate.'" The six shareholders were all amusing and some of them charming, and the chronicle of their experiment in a remote Cornish parish is so good-natured and entertaining and humorous, as to form quite an oasis in the desert of dull fiction. We are sorry the writer broke into the merry temper of his story by a tragic incident. We could well afford to have a novel, once in a while, all comedy. Mr. Greiffenhagen's delightful pictures give an additional value to the book.

A KING OF DREAMS AND SHADOWS. By Salik. (Unwin.)

The title-story and two others similar in tone are the work of a refined and delicate imagination. These fairy stories—not for children—with subtle, indeed, hardly obvious enough meanings, and a vein of gentle melancholy running through them, are written in language that is always graceful and often poetical in a high degree. Externally it is a very pretty specimen of printer's work.

THE JOURNEY OF HIGH HONOUR. By O. Shakespear. (Osgood.)

As soon as we discover the situation which forms the motive of the story we have an uneasy feeling that we are going to be wearied; that the book is going to turn out very much like other books that have bored us lately. But if we do not escape the weariness altogether, we end the story with a feeling of respect for the writer. The wrong people coming together and making a contract of marriage, and then one of them discovering a more suitable mate, is a theme which has been overdone lately. The theme is a perfectly legitimate one and with great possibilities for dramatic and analytic skill, but inferior imaginations have been at work on it and almost vulgarised it for the time. Miss Shakespear's story is not first-rate, her talent is as immature as, say, her heroine Elizabeth at the time of her emancipated flight to London proves herself by her conversation to be. But she has treated her theme with delicacy, and at the end with considerable originality. She has, in fact, found for her several personages a way out of their trying situations which is dignified, upright, and possible. Miss Shakespear is a writer of promise. Her conversations are not very good judged as dialogue, but they are the occasion of her uttering some wise sentiments.

NORTHWARD HO! By Alexander Gordon. (Isbister.)

The author of "The Folks o' Carglen," did not exhaust his knowledge of his country folk in that now well-known book. In "Northward Ho!" he is back amongst them again, finding fresh types, and showing still further insight into their characters, and closer observation of their way of life. The village politician, the village poet, revivalist, lover, are all here, with many more, and if they speak with a local accent, if they are indeed 'Carglen folks,' the humanity in them appeals widely, and will reach southern as well as northern hearts. Their artistic merit is various; their irregularity as stories and pictures raises regret in an interested reader now and again. But the matter is excellent, and the point of view from which this Scottish life is regarded is intelligent and sincere. Mr. Gordon knows his folks, and makes us know them. "The Diel in the Toll Road" and "A Kirkyard Licht" may be picked out for special commendation, but, though less good as a whole, we have found something particularly amusing in the delineation of the eccentric Peter Wilkins Grant in "Takkin' Notes." The minister that figures there is a real hero. Many a man would have stood the enemy's hottest fire rather than the sight of the terrible Peter's note-book. "It was a stern ordeal, but the Minister bore it well; and I have seen him stop in the middle of a little argument, take three pinches of snuff with finger and thumb from his waistcoat-pocket, and, in the spirit of chivalry, allow time to the recording angel to make a point against him."

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE HAWARDEN HORACE. By C. L. Graves. 3s 6d. Smith, Elder.

Mr. Graves's parodies, adaptations, or whatever they should be called, have been greeted on all sides by hearty appreciation, and this is the only fitting reception to give to verses at once so witty, good humoured, and graceful. Our favour was divided pretty equally between two, the one beginning

"Some say 'twas in Midlothian, and some there be who swear,
I first beheld the moonlight in the wilds of county Clare!"

(*Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen*), and the one ending—

"I con my classic folios far from Parliament's imbroglios,
Unembarrassed by the mandate of the mob,"

till we reached the charming rendering of *Est mihi nonum*.

"I know where there is honey in a jar
Meet for a certain little friend of mine."

Mr. Graves tells us in his preface that it is from the pen of Mr. E. V. Lucas.

A COUNTRY MUSE. By Norman Gale. First series. New edition, 5s. (A. Constable.)

We have already reviewed 'A Country Muse.' We need only now mention the differences between the present and the previous issue. Externally there is not much to choose between them, for both are good. Mr. Gale says he would fain have omitted two poems, but as such omissions would have rendered the reissue something other than a new edition, he has given these a place apart. So they stand in conspicuous disgrace in the corner, a little unjustly, we think. 'Les Morts sont Heureux' is now given a native title. The important difference, however, is the addition of six new poems, "A Great Master," "A House in the Hedge," "In Spring," "Courage," "The Wounded Bird," and "A Patient." "A House in the Hedge" is a charming picture of joy among the birds, but still more distinguished in workmanship and in feeling is "A Patient."

To him mysteriously bereft
How much in charity was left!

A woman bent beneath the load,
And sang along the sacred road;
Faith showed a still unshaken spire,
Love lit the cot with tenfold fire!

OVERHEARD IN ARCADY. By Robert Bridges. (Dent.)

There is nothing at all of Arcady in this volume. There is nothing in Mr. W. D. Howells, nor Mr. Meredith, nor Mr. Henry James, nor Mr. R. L. Stevenson (here we slightly hesitate), nor Mr. Kipling, nor Mr. Barrie, nor Mr. Frank Stockton, nor Mr. T. B. Aldrich, to suggest Arcady. And you would be hard put to it to name two of their creations that would more nearly suggest that happy light-hearted clime. Their creations are the *dramatis personæ* of the dialogue here. They talk about each other and about the writers who made them brightly enough, but their literary criticism in better than their wit, and we venture to think that was not the little book's intention. The illustrators, Mr. Herford, Mr. Attwood, and Mr. Sterner, have done their work well.

JOHN BULL AND CO. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (F. Warne.)

M. Blouet is a severe enough critic, but there is nothing ill-tempered in his severity, and when he finds something he can praise, he does so with a heartiness that shows his deep underlying friendship for the race of whose superficial characteristics, at least, he has been so keen-sighted an observer. 'The Great Colonial Branches of the Firm' of John Bull and Co. are reviewed by one who spent only a little time with each, but Max O'Rell sees things quickly. In the strictures on our colonial kinsfolk there is nothing to wound their feelings seriously, and a good deal to amuse us and the more reasonable among them, too. The book is abundantly illustrated.

THE DIVERSIONS OF A PRIME MINISTER. By Basil Thomson. (Blackwood.)

The scene of the 'Diversions' is Tonga, and to the history of that part of the world this book is a substantial

contribution. And yet, perhaps, it is an injustice to a rarer merit it possesses to call it so. The writer has much to tell of serious import, delicate diplomatic negotiations to relate, native customs and characteristics to describe, charges also to make against certain systems and bodies; in fact, the book has no frivolous intention. He had a grave and responsible position to fill in Tonga, financial difficulties to clear up, laws to codify, religious jealousies to allay. He had to show the justification and the disinterestedness of outside intervention. But in the midst of all these harassing circumstances, he never lost his sense of humour, and the narrative of his work and difficulties, and of his study of the Tongans, princes and simple folks, is wittier and more amusing than any save the most exceptionally amusing novel. That the garment of European civilisation did not always fit the native body very becomingly in these parts we had heard, but never till now were we fully aware of the full comedy that the everyday life of such an island could present. Outside 'Utopia, Limited,' and even there, there is no such happy description of muddle. The book is written with dignity and in perfectly good taste, but it might suggest a hundred fruitful situations to the humorous and imaginative writer. It is fully illustrated. We give the portrait of the Minister of Finance, Junia Mafileo, the King's nephew, who could "scarcely write his own name, much less add up figures," but "no money could be paid out of the Treasury except in his presence." We are grateful to 'The Diversions of a Prime Minister' for some hours of keen enjoyment.

"Feed me, and I will sit in my office all day."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Servant of God. By Anna M. Stoddart. Illustrated by M. L. Huggins. (Blackwood.)

Miss Stoddart has had one distinct purpose in her mind in writing this book. In her preface she expresses a hope that the boys and girls of England will be among her most interested readers, and if she has not written expressly for them, her intention has consistently been towards edification. Sidney she has wished to present as the stainless knight, loyal friend, as in fact, the "servant of God." All complexities of his character, all the obscurer portions of his history she has rightly left alone. Other books deal more minutely with his poetical work, and the history of his time, and she has not sought to rival these. As a picture in few lines of the outstanding parts of Sidney's character, emphasising his nobility, refinement, and loyalty, it very well fulfils its purpose.

GEORGE ROMNEY AND HIS ART. By Hilda Gamlin. With Eighteen Illustrations. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

Among the illustrated books of the season this one should not be overlooked. The selection from Romney's pictures is judicious, and the reproduction very successful. The pictorial part of the volume is the more important; so charming a set of photogravures of Romney's high-bred dames and lovely children many will be delighted to possess. The biography by Mrs. Gamlin is pleasant reading; and as little has been done for Romney in this way it is valuable too, as a painstaking collection of the known facts of the painter's life. The criticism it contains is of less interest, but it is unassuming and kept in subordination to the story of his life and fortunes.

THE FALL OF ATHENS. A Story of the Peloponnesian War. By the Rev. A. J. Church. (Seeley.)

Some of Professor Church's adaptations of classic myths and stories have been in parts more fascinating but he has never written a sustained narrative more vigorously or more effectively. Round an imaginary hero, Callias, he has made the great story centre, and through his hero's eyes and words—he keeps a diary, which Professor Church acknowledges in a postscript to be an improbability—and deeds, the story lives again for us. As a reading book in schools it is eminently suitable; but its use will not be thus limited. Like the author's other books, it is addressed to all those who cannot or will not read the classic tongues.

LULLABIES OF MANY LANDS. Collected and Rendered into English Verse by Alma Strettell. Illustrated by Emily J. Harding. 7s. 6d. (G. Allen.)

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"I would put my child to slumber, my own—and yet not so
As the wives of clowns may do it, as the wives of clowns may go
Beneath a yellow blanket, and beneath a sheet of tow;
But in a golden cradle that the wind rock to and fro.
Sho—keen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho—keen sho, you are my child,
Sho—keen sho, hoo lo lo
Sho—keen sho, and you are my child.

Miss Harding's pictures are pretty, and the book is in every way a charming one.

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Mr. Ffoulkes' carols are new, or rather new adaptations of old ones. He has caught both the joy and the plaintiveness of the true carol, and Mr. Ransom has, very simply but very effectively, harmonised his words. So far the book is delightful, and our praise should be extended to the very pretty blue binding. But we think Mr. Ffoulkes' drawings are less good than his verse; they are more eccentric than original.

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[*See p.* 89.]

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ROBERTSON, J. L.—A History of English Literature, 3/-..Blackwood
Russell, J., by G. C. Williamson, 25/- net.....Bell
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SMITH, G. B.—Noble Womanhood, 5/-.....C. K. S.
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TIELE, C. P.—Western Asia, 2/6 .....Luzac
United States. The, edited by N. S. Shaler, 2 vols., 36/- .....S. Low
WAKELING, G. H.—King and Parliament, 1603-1714, 1/-.....Blackie

[*Like all the volumes of the 'Oxford Manuals of English History,' this one is practical and intelligent. It is also rather dry, for which its limited space is responsible. But a good teacher will find it an excellent basis on which to enlarge.*]

WALISZEWSKI, K.—The Story of a Throne, 2 vols. 28/-....Heinemann
Washington, G., by Lieut. King, 6/-.....Chapman & Hall
Whately, E J., Reminiscences of, 3/6 .....Seeley
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[*A valuable contribution to the history of the Peninsular War and the Waterloo campaign.*

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

Art Annual, 10/6 .....Virtue
BARBER, T. W.—The Repair and Maintenance of Machinery, 10/6 Spon
Building Societies Act, 1894, with Notes, 4/- .....Butterworth
Bygone Surrey, edited by Clinch and Kershaw, 7/6 .....Simpkin
Cæsar's Gallic War, Bks. 1-7, 3/6.....Shrimpton
CAMPBELL, WALTER D.—Auld Robin the Farmer, Illustrated by H.R.H. The Princess Louise.....Douglas

[*A pretty book. The song and illustration are in honour of the ancient game of curling.*]

CAVE, H. W.—Picturesque Ceylon, 28/- .....S. Low
CHAMBERLAIN, M.—Ornithology of the United States, 2 vols., 24/- Truslove
Cicero's Speeches for Cluentius, transl. by W. Peterson, 3/6..Simpkin
CLARK, Sir A.—Fibroid Diseases of the Lungs, 21/- .....Griffin
COOKE, M. C.—Edible and Poisonous Mushrooms, 3/6.....C.K.S.
CRANE, W.—Illustrations to Two Gentlemen of Verona, 21/- net Dent
D'ALVIELLA, Count G.—The Migration of Symbols, 15/- ..Constable
DARWIN, F., and ACTON, E. H.—Practical Physiology of Plants, 6/- Cambridge Warehouse
DEMBO, J. A.—The Jewish Method of Slaughter, 2/6 net ....K. Paul
DICKENS, C.—Cruikshank's Water-colour Drawings to Oliver Twist, 42/- net .....Chapman
DILL, T. R. C.—Parish Councils Election Manual, 4/6 .....Shaw
EDWARDS, J.—Integral Calculus for Beginners, 4/6 .....Macmillan
EMERSON, O. F.—The History of the English Language, 6/- net Macmillan
European Pictures, 1894, 2/6.....Cassell
EWART, W.—The Pulse Sensations, 15/- .....Baillière
FARMER, J. S.—Americanisms, Old and New, 12/6.....Reeves
FARRAR, F. W.—The Life of Christ in Art, 21/-.....Black

[*See Supplement.*]

Finance Act, 1894, Introduction by J. E. C. Munro, 5/- Eyre & Spottiswoode
FISHER, J.—Reproductions of Raffaelle Drawings at Oxford, 21/- Oxford University Press
FLEMING, J. A.—Electric Lamps and Electric Lighting, 7/6 *Electrician* Office
FOSTER, M., and SHORE, L. E.—Physiology for Beginners, 2/6 Macmillan
FORBES, H. A.—A Handbook to the Primates, 2 vols., 6/- each W. H. Allen
GIBERNE, A.—Radiant Suns, 5/-.....Seeley

[*A sequel to the writer's 'Sun, Moon, and Stars.' Miss Giberne is most successful as a popularizer of astronomy. Young people will read this book willingly, and it should serve as an introduction to the subject to many older ones.*]

GINNELL, L.—The Brehon Laws, 6/-.....Unwin
HALL, W. C.—The Law Relating to Children, 4/-.....Stevens
HANCOCK, H.—A Text-Book of Mechanics and Hydrostatics, 5/- Low
HARRISON, W. J.—Elements of Metallurgy, 2/6 .....Blackie
HAYCOCK, G. S.—Clay Modelling, 2/- net .....Newman
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HOPKINS, W. J.—Preparatory Physics, 5/-.....Longmans
IRVING, W.—The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon, 2 vols., 25/- net Dent
JESPERSEN, O.—Progress in Language, 7/6 .....Sonnenschein
JESSET, F. B.—Cancer of the Uterus, 3/6.....Baillière
JOERG, H. J. A.—German Test Papers, 2/-.....Stanford
KOCH, Prof.—Bacteriological Diagnosis of Cholera, 6/- .....Douglas
LEGGETT, E.—The Law of Charter-Parties, 25/-.....Stevens
LEVISON, Dr. F.—The Uric Acid Diathesis, 3/6 .....Cassell
MARSHALL, F. and H.—Old English Embroidery, 10/- net.....Cox
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Masterpieces of Art, Reproductions of Pictures in the Guildhall Exhibition, 1894, 63/- net .....Blades
MITCHELL, P. C.—Outlines of Biology, 6/-.....Methuen
MOORE, A., Life and Works, by A. L. Baldry, 63/- .....Bell

[*See p.* 82.]

NINET, M.—Readings in French .....Blackie

[*Teachers who prefer short pieces for translation to complete books will find this a good and interesting selection. The exercises at the end for translation into French seem to us the most useful feature.*]

OWEN, J. A., and BOULGER, G.—The Country Month by Month, Summer, 5/- .....Bliss
PEASE, A. B.—Horse-breeding for Farmers, 2/6 .....Macmillan
Pilgrim's Progress, with Etchings by W. Strang, 21/- net ....Nimmo
Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act, 1894, edited by Lewis and Barrows, 5/-.....Shaw
RIDDELL, J. S.—A Manual of Ambulance, 4/- .....Griffin
SMITH, C.—Geometrical Conics, 6/- .....Macmillan
ST. JOHN, G., and TURRELL, W. M.—County Council Course of Manual Instruction, 1st course, 2/-.....Simpkin
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TICKELL, R. E.—The Vale of Nantgwilt, 21/-.....Virtue
Treatise on Hygiene and Public Health, edited by Stevenson and Murphy, Vol. 3, 20/- .....Churchill
TURNER, J. A.—A Primary English Grammar, 2/-.....Rivington
VINYCOMB, J.—On the Processes for the Production of Ex-Libris, 3/6 net .....Black
WEBB, H. J.—Advanced Agriculture, 7/6 net.....Longmans
WESTLAKE, J.—Principles of International Law, 10/- Camb. Warehouse
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ANDERSEN, H. C.—The Snow Queen, 7/6 .....E. Arnold

[*See Supplement.*]

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[*Anything daintier than these fairy books for children illustrated by Mr. Anning Bell, in their green covers and fastened with red ribbons, it would be impossible to desire. This series should be a great success.*]

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[*A useful and pretty little book. The description of foreign variations of the game will be found specially interesting.*]

English Illustrated Magazine, 1893-4, 8/- ....*Illust. Lond. News* Office
,, Prose Selections, edited by H. Craik .....Macmillan
ERRERA, L.—The Russian Jews, transl. by B. Löwy, 3/6.....Nutt
Fairy Tales from Grimm, with Introduction by S. B. Gould, 6/- W. Gardner
GOERZE, Dr. W.—Manual Training made serviceable to the School, 3/- Newmann
Great Thoughts, Vol. 21, 4/6 .....A. W. Hall
Good Words, 1894 .....Isbister

[*Of wide general interest, and maintaining a high standard of literary excellence. Mr. Baring-Gould's serial, Sir Robert Ball's astronomical papers, and the capitally illustrated travel articles may be mentioned.*]

GRIMBLE, A.—Highland Sport, 42/-.....Chapman & Hall
HAMILTON, J. A.—A Mountain Path, 3/6 .....Low
HART, R. C.—Reflections on the Art of War, 4/-.....E. Wilson
HARPER, C. G.—Revolted Woman, Illustrated, 5/- .....E. Mathews

[*Mr. Harper is a clever draughtsman, and the work of his pen can never be overlooked. Otherwise one would be inclined to ignore this outburst of peevishness and vulgarity.*]

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[*An absurd glorification of the Teutonic and especially the Anglo-Saxon race, calculated to do a great deal of harm to weak-headed and uneducated persons.*]

HENRY, Mrs.—The Queen of Beauty, 6/-.....Chapman & Hall

[*A very original and amusing fairy story. It is cleverly illustrated, handsomely bound, and should make a delightful Christmas gift-book.*]

J. H.—The Diversions of an Autograph-Hunter.....Stock

[*The "hunter" has a few amusing things to tell. But he has neither justified his craze nor his methods. The only autographs of real interest are those that have not been asked for.*]

JELIHOVSKY, V. P.—Rosy Mite; or, The Witch's Spell, Illustrated by T. Pym, 2/6 .....Truslove

[*A pretty fairy story for children. The illustrations are rather weak.*]

Little Chummies, edited by F. Sherlock, 3/6 ..*Church Monthly* Office

[*Pictures, stories, and verses for young children, very cheerful if a little commonplace.*]

Quiver, The, 1894.....Cassell

[*This excellent family magazine deserves its lasting success. The present volume has some excellent fiction of a wholesome kind, and its illustrations compare favourably with almost any of the popular periodicals.*]

MILLER, Rev. J. R.—The Perfect Home .....S.S.U.

[*Sensible remarks on the duties of the several members of a household.*]

Pygmies of the Ancients, The, by Edward Tyson, edited by B. C. A. Windle, Bibliothèque Carabas .....D. Nutt
SMITH, C. H.—Fairy Tales from Classic Myths, Illustrated..Heywood

[*We have had the old tales better told, but Mr. Smith's version is very simple, and the illustrations are distinctly good.*]

Sunday Magazine, 1894 .....Isbister

[*Deserving of its high popularity. Shows no falling off in the quality or variety of its contents. The illustrations improve year by year.*]

TOLSTOI, L.—The Two Pilgrims, If you Neglect the Fire you don't put it out ....W. Scott

[*These Tolstoi booklets are charmingly printed, bound, and illustrated. They are among the gems of the season's gift-books.*]

WHITCOMB, S. L.—Chronological Outlines of American Literature, 6/- net.....Macmillan
YATES, L. H.—The Profession of Cookery from a French Point of View, 2/6..... .....Ward & Lock
ZIMMERN, A.—Methods of Education in the United States, 3/6 Sonnenschein

NEW EDITION.

HARE, A. C.—Walks in London, 2 vols.....G. Allen

[*Mr. Hare's now famous book has reached its sixth edition, and has been subjected to careful revision. Its present issue is in a most convenient form.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between October 15th and November 15th, 1894:—

LONDON, W.C.

1. Pride and Prejudice. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 6s. (G. Allen.)
2. Pusey's Life. Vol. 3. 18s. (Longman.)
3. Life and Letters of Erasmus. By J. A. Froude. 6s. (Longman.)
4. Horace Translations. By W. E. Gladstone. 6s. (John Murray.)
5. The Meaning of History. By Fred. Harrison. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
6. Doreen. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Longman.)

LONDON, E.C.

1. Stalker's Trial and Death of Jesus. 5s. (Hodder.)
2. Dale's Christian Doctrine. 6s. (Hodder.)
3. Liddon's Clerical Life and Duty. 5s. (Longmans.)
4. Maclaren's (Ian) Bonnie Brier Bush. 6s. (Hodder.)
5. Cromwell's Soldier's Bible. 5s. (Stock.)
6. Lang's Yellow Fairy Book. 6s. (Longmans.)

On the whole things are mending considerably in the City.

MANCHESTER.

1. We Three and Troddles.
2. Dale's Christian Doctrine.
3. Weyman's My Lady Rotha.
4. Lubbock's Use of Life.
5. Austen's Pride and Prejudice.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Catherine Hutton and Her Friends.
2. Pemberton: Fairbrass, a Child's Story.
3. Pride and Prejudice. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.
4. More Celtic Fairy Tales.
5. Fairy Tales Retold. By S. Baring-Gould. Illustrated by A. J. Gaskin.
6. R. W. Dale: Christian Doctrine.

BRADFORD.

1. Hamilton's Mountain Path. 3s. 6d. (Low.)
2. Pride and Prejudice. 6s. (Allen.)
3. When Charles I. was King. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
4. Dawson's Making of Manhood. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
5. Lyall's Doreen. 6s. (Longman.)

BURNLEY.

1. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann)
2. Ten-Minute Sermons. Knox Little. 3s. 6d. (Isbister.)
3. The Golden Fairy Book. 6s (Hutchinson.)
4. People of the Mist. R. Haggard. 6s. (Longman.)
5. Beautiful Joe. By Marshall Saunders. 3s. (Jarrold.)
6. A Lost Ideal. By Annie S. Swan. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

1. Green Carnation.
2. Pride and Prejudice.
3. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.
4. Lilac Sunbonnet.
5. Hole's More Memories.
6. Froude's Erasmus.

SUNDERLAND.

1. Edna Lyall's Doreen. 6s.
2. Maclaren's Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. 6s.
3. Max O'Rell's John Bull and Co. 3s. 6d.
4. Green Carnation. 3s. net.
5. Rider Haggard's People of the Mist. 6s.
6. Life of Edison. 18s.

EDINBURGH.

1. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. First Things First. By the Rev. George Jackson. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)
4. Theologia Germanica. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
5. Life and Times of Erasmus. By J. A. Froude. Cheap Edition. 6s. (Longmans.)
6. Complete Works of Tennyson. 7s. 6d. Macmillan.)

GLASGOW.

1. The Trial and Death of Jesus Christ. By Dr. Stalker. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
2. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. The Daisies of Nazareth. By Dr. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society.)
4. Ten-Minute Sermons. By Dr. Robertson Nicoll. 3s. 6d. (Isbister.)
5. Doreen. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Longman.)
6. Yellow Fairy Book. By Andrew Lang. 6s. (Longman.)

ABERDEEN.

1. Parish Council Guide for Scotland. By MacDougall. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)
2. The Use of Life. By Sir John Lubbock. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
3. A Manual of Ambulance. By J. Scott Riddell. 4s. (Griffin.)
4. The Trial and Death of Jesus Christ. By Dr. Stalker. 5s. (Hodder.)
5. The Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Unwin.)
6. Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen. Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. 6s. (George Allen.)

'The Lilac Sunbonnet,' notwithstanding unfavourable remarks, and other good Scotch stories, are much in demand, and slightly interfere with the sale of ordinary works of fiction; but this business may be overdone. In poetry Tennyson is very popular just now, and many copies are sold of the new complete edition, 7s. 6d.

DUBLIN.

1. Simple Lessons in Irish. By Rev. E. O'Growney. 3d. (Gill.)
2. Titled Corruption. By J. G. S. MacNeill, M.P. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)
3. The Coming of Cuculain. By Standish O'Grady. 3s. 6d. (Methuen & Co.)
4. Sir John Astley's Reminiscences. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)
5. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Wm. Heinemann.)
6. Banshee Castle. By Rosa Mulholland. 6s. (Blackie.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.

Business has very greatly improved this month, more especially with books of humorous character and first editions.

LONDON, E.C.

(Second-hand.)

Business still improving; more demand for religious, miscellaneous, and general character of literature.

LIVERPOOL (1).

The past month has been generally brighter than last, and the state of business at the present forecasts a busy season. In all departments a revival is felt, more particularly in educational books. Book-collectors are active.

LIVERPOOL (2).

Business much improved since a month ago. Every prospect of a busy Christmas season.

LIVERPOOL (3).

The public do not seem "to go for" the *large* Christmas numbers, with the usual three or four coloured plates, so much as in former years, the preference being for less and of a better quality. The still prevailing dulness in shipping, and the extremely low prices for cotton and produce, are influencing our trade here.

BRADFORD.

Trade in Bradford is improving, and if there is fine weather there is every sign of a good season.

CAMBRIDGE.

Trade very dull. The text of the Greek play, the Iphigenia in Tauris of Euripides, performed here, with translation by Dr. Verrall, can be had of any of the booksellers here, price 2s., or with music 3s.

YORK.

Trade is rather slow. Although the Free Library has been open for a considerable time, and fiction is fairly represented, there is still a good demand for novels of the better class. Books on social questions are also more inquired after.

HULL.

Trade is just beginning to brighten owing to the approach of Christmas. The present year has been one of the worst experienced in the book trade.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Garden that I Love, by Austin.
Nicholson (W.) Poems, Castle Douglas, 1870.
Bards of Galloway.
Moll Islanders.
Harper's Rambles in Galloway.
Vol. 2 Leckie's Rationalism.
Weyman's Man in Black.
Japp's Three Great Teachers.
Bain's Lessons from my Masters.
Vol. 2 Taine's English Literature.
Dasent's Tales from the Norse.
Graham's Mystifications.

J. S. AMOORE, 28, HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON COMMON.

Tomkins' Isle of Wight, 2 vols.
Bartlett's History of Wimbledon.
Strasburger's Practical Botany (Hillhouse's Translation).
Hayward's Botanist's Pocket Book.
Browning's Paracelsus, 1st edition.
Ascent of Man, second hand.
Cetewayo and his White Neighbours, second-hand.

EDWARD BAKER, 14 AND 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Moore's Alps in 1864, £5 offered.
Baxter's Pictorial Album.
Baxter's Coloured Oil Prints in Books, will buy all I have not yet purchased.
Speed's Theatre, 1st edition, 1610?
Flowers and their Unbidden Guests.
Royal Academy Pictures, 1888, published at 1s., 2 copies.

T. BROWN & CO., 9, RAY STREET, FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.

Walton et Castelli Biblia Sacra Polyglotta, 8 vols.
Le Jay's Biblia Sacra Polyglotta, 10 vols., Paris, 1845.
Rawnsley's Village Sermons, 1848.
Roman Breviary, by Marquis of Bute, 2 vols.
Library of the Fathers, 48 vols.
Vaughan's Life and Labours of St. Thomas of Aquin, 2 vols, 1871.

A. BROWN, 15, BRISTOW PLACE, EDINBURGH.

Voices from the Crowd, by Charles Mackay.
Sheffield Directories, 1774-97; 1808-14-16 1817-1822.
Sheffield Local Register, 1832 to 1890, any.
Sheffield Books or Pamphlets.
Tobacco, The Trial of, by Matthew Lownes, 1610.
Tobacco, Lecture on, by Canon Stowell at Salford.

JOHN BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE ST., YORK.

Markham's Life of Thos. Fairfax.
Occult Works.
Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies.
Bibliographical Dictionary.
Ward's History of Methodism in Swaledale.
Bookman, Nos. 1 to 18 (cheap).
Matthew of Westminster's Chronicle, vol. 1, Bohn.
Forster's Life of Charles Dickens: "Charles Dickens" edition.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH STREET, HEREFORD.

Jardine's Naturalist's Library: Ornithology, vol. 13.
St. James' Budget, 13th October, 1893.
Fuller's Worthies, folio, 1662.
Catalogue of Shakespeare Memorial Library, Birmingham.
Once a Week, parts containing February 18, April 14, 21, 28, 1860.
Eliot's (Geo.) Scenes of Clerical Life, 2 vols., 1857.

A. COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.
Here and There: a Sequel to 'Day's Doings.'
Cricket Scores and Biographies, vols. 5 to 11.
Denison, Cricket Companion, 1843 to 1846.
Maetzner, English Grammar, 3 vols., 1874.
Marquess of Bute, Roman Breviary, 1879.
Payne Knight, Worship of Priapus.
Cricket: Wisden's Almanacks, 1874-75-77.
Any old Crim. Con. or Divorce Trials.
Behmen (J.) Works, 4 vols., 4to.
Ward, English Dramatic Literature, 2 vols.

HENRY DOOLEY, STOCKPORT.
Motley's Netherlands, vols. 3 and 4, 8vo.
Pride and Prejudice, large paper, Geo. Allen.
Lingard's England, 10 vol. ed., cr. 8vo, vols. 1, 2, 3, 4.

ALEXANDER GARDNER, PAISLEY.
Edgar's Old Church Life, 1st series.
Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain, etc., vol. 2, with Moll's Map of England and Wales, or Map only.
Daudet's Evangelist.
" Jack.
" Numa Roumestan.
" Sappho.

WILLIAM GEORGE'S SONS, BRISTOL.
Hucks' Poems.
Bells of Somerset.
Church Bells of Devon.

GEORGE GREGORY, BATH.
Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, 1890, or Sessional Index.
Gentleman's Magazine, July, 1854; May to December, 1856; May to December, 1857; the years 1859 to 1870, or any.

F. T. GROOM, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.
Milton's Paradise Lost (Elliot Stock), 10s. 6d. edition.
First edition of Badminton, in good condition.

REV. W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS, 3, ISIS STREET, OXFORD.
The American Sunday School Times from 1879-1883 inclusive, in numbers or bound in volumes.

JOHN GUTHRIE, 105, ALEXANDRA PARADE, GLASGOW.
Dr. R. W. Dale on the Atonement.
Martineau's Rationale of Religious Inquiry.

H. H., 27, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
Odell's Shorthand and Supplement.
Dimbleby's Shorthand Dictionary.
New Testament in Pitman's Tenth Edition Phonography.
Rich's Shorthand, Dr. Doddridge's edition.

JAGGARD & TAYLOR, 81, LORD STREET LIVERPOOL.
Original List of Emigrants, Hotten, 4to.
D. Patton, Collection of Songs, 1820.
" Dialogue between Burgher Kirks.
Maskell, Ancient Liturgy (Clarendon Press).
Anything by Robert Bridges, Poet.
Symonds, Introduction to Dante.
Sikes, British Goblins.
Brayley and Britton's Surrey, 5 vols., royal 8vo, imperfect will suit.
Pictorial World for 1882, any numbers.
Colomb, Naval Warfare.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.
Speaker's Commentary, vols. 5 and 6, O. T., and vols. 1-4, N. T.
Kingston, W. H. G., Tales for All Ages, and Paul Gerard.
Symington (Maggie), Bessie Gordon, a Story.
MacSweeney's Mining Law (W. Maxwell, 1884).
Introductory Lectures at Queen's College, London (Parker, 1851).
Holub (Dr. Emil), A Journey into Mushukulumbine Country.

N. MASSEY, 84, PATRICK STREET, CORK.
Ossianic Society, a set, or vols. 1 and 2.
Books in Irish.
R. C. Books.
Tour in Connaught, by Otway.
Humphreys', J. P., Ireland.
Levinge's ditto.
Molloy's ditto.

MATTHEWS & BROOKE, BRADFORD.
The Points of a Horse, by Captain Hayes.
Pall Mall Magazine, vol. 1.
Whymper's Supplement to Great Andes.
Lily of Lumley, by Edith Milner.
Think of Me, by Hoffmann, illustrated.
Come unto Me, by Hoffmann, illustrated.
Heaton's Furniture and Decoration in England in the 18th Century.

MAWSON, SWAN & MORGAN, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.
Symonds' Renaissance, set, or odd vols.
Montalembert's Monks of the West.
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